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## *SENATOR SUMNER ON REPRESENTATION.*

RICHMOND, June 25.

THE following letter was written by Senator Sumner to a citizen of Norfolk, Virginia:

SENATE CHAMBER, June 22, 1868.

DEAR SIR: I have your letter of the 18th in reference to the eligibility of a colored man to Congress. I know of no ground on which he could be excluded from his seat, if duly elected; and I should welcome the election of a competent representative of the colored race to either House of Congress as a final triumph of the cause of equal rights. Until this step is taken our success is incomplete.

Yours truly,

CHARLES SUMNER.

## *REBEL VIOLENCE IN KENTUCKY.*

A *Tribune* Russelville, Ky., Special, of June 18, says Major Lawrence, who was killed there by a rebel soldier, is the fifth Union man murdered at that place within the past few months. He has a brother in Buffalo. The assassination was the result of a deliberate determination on the part of the rebels to kill or drive out every Union man in their midst. He had been repeatedly threatened by the Kuk Klux Klan.

A week ago he received notice that he was to be killed in less than ten days. He paid no attention to the warning, and as he was going out of town yesterday afternoon to serve a summons, the assassin stole upon him and literally butchered him in broad daylight.

Captain McClery, of the Army, who went down to investigate the case, pronounced it a cool, premeditated murder.

Union citizens are arming, and the utmost excitement prevails. A detachment of the Second Regulars reached there last night.

## *LAWLESSNESS AND CRIME IN TEXAS.*

WASHINGTON, June 18, 1868.

THE President of the Texas Convention, Mr. E. J. Davis, directed by the Convention, sent the following to Congress:

Whereas, Lawlessness and crime exist to such an alarming extent in portions of this State, it is deemed proper to do all in the power of the Convention to protect life and property, and for the suppression of crime.

Resolved, That this Convention respectively urge upon the Congress of the United States the necessity of authorizing the organization by this body of a military force in the several counties in this State, to act in conjunction with, and under the direction of the Military Commander therein, for the protection of the lives and property of the citizens now every day preyed upon by assassins, and robbed to an extent unparalleled in the history of civilized communities in time of peace, and which, if not speedily arrested, must result in the destruction of social order.

Resolved, That if protection is not speedily provided in some form by the National Government, that the loyal law-abiding citizens of Texas will be compelled, in the exercise of the sacred right of self-defence, to organize for their own protection.

Resolved, That this Convention have full confidence in Brevet-Maj.-Gen. J. J. Reynolds, Commander of the District of Texas, and that to the extent of the means placed at his disposal, he will give protection and preserve peace.

(Signed) E. J. DAVIS,
President of the Convention.

## *WHOM CAN WE TRUST?*

*To the Editor of the Standard:*

IN this hour of peril we look to the North for succor, and behold we are deceived! We turn our eyes to the South, and behold we see men who once fought for our eternal slavery saying—we are your friends. Truly our hearts despair within us. We do not altogether blame Andrew Johnson, William Pitt Fessenden, Lyman Trumbull and others of that class; but we do blame those who are radically for us in some things and against us in others.

At the commencement of the war some of the leading colored men in New York wished to volunteer their services for the defense of the country, but thought to consult Horace Greeley before making public their intentions. Mr. Greeley was surprised beyond measure that they could even dream of such a thing, "Why," said he, "you would ruin us, and the whole North would protest against such a move." The time came, however very soon, when we were gladly accepted, and Mr. G., of necessity, plead for equal pay, etc., for us.

The week after the defeat of the new constitution of Alabama, Mr. Tilton very loudly called upon Congress to admit Alabama *immediately* with *black* representatives; but, behold, a week or two after he congratulated Mr. Harris, a colored man of North Carolina, for declining a nomination for Congress for fear it would injure the cause of the Republican party! During the session of the South Carolina Convention, F. L. Cardozo and Beverly Nash went to Washington to consult certain Senators and Representatives about the best course to pursue as regards the election of officers in their State. Senators Wilson, Nye, Cragin and others told them to select a truly loyal man for their governor, and if they chose they might select colored men for a portion of their State officers, but *by all means not to send colored men to Congress until after the Presidential election.* "Whom shall we send to Congress?" inquired the colored delegation. "Send the best *white* men in your State," replied Mr. Wilson; and the result is that two of the men elected, whom I know familiarly, are totally unfit for Representatives and do not represent the true interests of the colored people. J. P. M. Epping, who is elected to Congress at large, is one of the most conservative of conservatives, and C. C. Bowen, who is elected from the Second District, was a major in the rebel army. If either of these men were to be brought in a case where votes will be bought at a high price, the interest of the poor negro would be sunk under the pile of greenbacks offered them. And yet when such men prove traitors the whole country (except Wendell Phillips' school) are up on end to denounce them as traitors.

It seems that men who are afraid to come out and speak and act boldly for truth and justice, have less courage than Fessenden and Trumbull, who have courage enough to bear the odium of their party for a few thousands. Wilson and Greeley sometimes do us more harm than good by being afraid to face the music squarely.

Mr. Tilton, I have always regarded as an exemplary man, and I do often wish I could grasp his hand when I read some of his bold utterances in *The Independent*; but I am at a loss to know why he calls upon Congress one week to admit black representatives, and the next week he congratulates a black man for declining to be a representative. This is a political consistency which I cannot understand.

I must not omit to say that the colored delegates from South Carolina also consulted Senator Sumner, who told them to send their *best men to Congress, let them be black or white.* Pity they did not take his advice.

C.

## *THE NASBY PAPERS.*

THE TROUBLE THAT OCCURRED AT THE CORNERS IN THE SELECTION OF DELEGATES TO THE NEW YORK CONVENTION—HOW THE FAITHFUL WERE DRILLED IN THEIR DUTY.

[From the Toledo Blade.]

POST OFFIS, CONFEDRIT X ROADS,
(Wich is in the State uv Kentucky),
June 16, 1868.

The selectin uv delegates to the Noo York Convenshun hez bin botherin us in sevral ways for several weeks past. No one wantid to go, and it wuz yoonanimously decided by all that ef the Corners wuz represented at all, I must be the man. I objectid, for ther aint no profit in sich trips. Ordinarily I cood cheek my expenses. Hotel keepers are but human and, I hev never yet failed to stick em, but with a Democratic Convenshen in full blast, it wood be a hopeless enterprise. With ten thousand like me, all agoin on their cheek, wat wood ther be fur me. With ten thousand hungry, thirsty, emptv-pockited soles wat cood I do? Therefore I felt that I cood not go. I wrote to A. J. to know if he wood allow per diem, transportation and milage to delegates, to wich he ansered:

"Sir—For wich candidates do yoor delegates perpose to votes?"

This crooel epistle settled me. I couldn't go there pledged to him, becoz ef he shooden't be nominated wat wood become uv my Post Offis? Wood his scucessor continyoo me in place, who hed been active in support uv another?

Finally the day for our convenshun came, and we asembled. Bascom wuz nominated, but he declined. Deekin Program wuz offered the honor, and declined, and so did McPelter, Issaker Gavitt, Podhammer and the rest uv em. We passed all the first day in tryin to get one who wood stick, but all in vane. Nite came—we adjourned till nine the next mornin, when we resoomed our unsuccessful endeavors to persuade each other to go to Noo York. Another day wuz thus fruitlessly spent, and still another and another—the last leavin us no nearer our haven than the first. And so a week passed. We met every mornin, coaxed begged and swore at each other till nite, only to meet and go through the same formula the next day. I felt that onless suthin wuz done, the Corners wood go unrepresented.

On the eighth day, at about ten in the mornin, Deekin Pogram's youngest boy a fair haired lad of fourteen summers, who resembles the Deekin to a degree quite complimentary to his mother, came in with the Noo York Day Book, wich the Deekin takes but never reads, The Deekin tost it over to Bascom, who opened it, and red a minit, when his face changed instantly. "Hell!" sed he, to himself, and then aroze:

"Mr. Cheerman," sed he, "to end this unprofitable session, I wood say that I hev reconsidered my determinashen. I will go to Noo York!"

The Convenshen wuz thunder struck. Wat did it mean? The Deekin seized the paper, and glancin over its columns, read painfully a minit and sed that he wuz surprized at Mr. Bascom's asshoorence. "I shel be a delegate myself," sed he.

By this time McPelter read it, and I got it and read this paragraph:

"Let the western democrisy beware. They must come, on the Fourth, prepared to encounter bribery and corruption. Belmont and the Wall street clique have raised $1,600,000 to be yoosed in the purchase uv delegates to defeat Pendleton."

The Deekin pertested agin Bascom's goin. "Yoo can't be spared," shrieked he. "Who will run the biznis in yoor absence? Is ther a man in the Corners yoo dare trust inside yoor bar a minit? No, I will go."

"Not so," shrieked McPelter, "I will go ez delegate. I hev borne the heat and burden uv the day—I wuz with Forrest, and now that ther is a chance to make suthin—that is, now that ther is a posishen uv profit—wich is to say honor, I want it."

Isaker Gavitt, with a face pale with disappintment, that he hadn't taken it when it wuz offered him, swore that ef the Gavitt family wuz to be overlooked, why the sooner Democrisy wuz buried the better.

Somewhere in the course uv my readin, I cum across an account uv the trouble that wuz perdoost in a mythological heaven by some cuss who tost in a golden apple, labelled "to the fairest," or words to that effect. The announcement that Belmont hed a million and a half to invest in delegates wuz the golden apple wich set us in a uproar. Every cuss in the convenshun wanted to be a delegate immejitly, and the result wuz, the entire bilin come to blows. I hed the mortificashen uv seein Bascom with his fingers clutchen in the neck-tie uv the venerable Pogram, Issaker Gavitt and McPelter wuz similarly engaged, while I wuz doin my level best to restrain Podhammer from massacreein me. Had not Joe Bigler and Pollock arrived opportoonly, the entire Democrisy uv the Corners wood hev bin wiped out on the spot.

It wuz finally settled by throwin dice for it, wich rool ought, by the way, to be adopted by all Democratic bodies everywhere. Randall and McCulloch hev practist it with distinguished success in makin their appintments. Say ther are twenty applicants, or, to get neerer the trooth, three hundred for any given place. Very good. The head uv the department assertains first ef they are all Dimocrats. Then three hundred clerks are detailed, each clerk representin a applicant, and they throw dice, the lowest retirin every throw, until one is victorious, and the man represented by him gits the place. It saves a vast amount uv labor in the eggsaminashen uv certifikits uv caraktter and fitnis, etc.; and besides, its imparshel. All the appintments are now made in that way at Washington.

We adoptid this device, and I wuz made delegate and Pogram's alternate, the agreement being that whatever we got over expenses wuz to be divided ekally. Then a holy calm succeeded the storm uv pashen wich hed raged. We go, uv coorse, uninstructed, fer obvus reasons. Ef we wuz instructed wher wood be the objick uv our goin? It is not sich that Belmont will go fur.

The uncertainty uv the result uv the convenshun (I say uncertainty, for who kin tell wich candidate hez the most money?) I hev bin laborin assidyusly to git our people into a frame uv mind to be enthooslastic over the nominee, no matter who it is, or wat platform he is put onto. To bring this about I hev hed em em in front uv Bascom's every nite for a week traning uv em. I ranged them in a row and takin my posishen in front, give the word like a melishy offiser.

"Attenshen!" sez I. "Ror for for Chase and Morisey! Together!"

"'Ror for Cha—," but ther they broke down.

"Parson!" sed Deekin Pogram, "I can't. Give me a week or two to practis alone by myself, and possibly I kin make it. The spirit is willin but the flesh is week."

Issaker Gavitt pertestid. "I kin," sed he, "possibly go Chase; but spozin they put Sumner on the tikkit with him? Sumner I won't go."

"It won't do," sed I, sternly, "'Ror for Chase and Amerikv for white men!

"'Ror!"

"'Ror for Chase, Brick Pomeroy and ekal suffrage."

"'Ror!" shouted they commendably.

"'Ror for Chase, A. Johnson and Mayor Monroe!"

"'Ror."

"'Ror for Chase and Repudiashen."

"Will that be the slogan if Chase is nominated?" asks the Deekin.

"It will—down here. 'Ror."

"'Ror!" yelled they all.

"'Ror for Chase, Fernando Wood, and deth to niggers."

"'Ror!"

"'Ror for Chase and Fred. Douglass."

"'Ror!"

"'Ror for Chase, Pendelton, and no taxashen for a unconstooshel debt!"

"'Ror!"

"'Ror for Chase, Hancock and restorashen of our plan!"

"'Ror!"

"'Ror for Hendricks, Chase and general amnesty!"

"'Ror!"

"Very good!" sed I encouragingly. "Very good, your flexibility is more so than I supposed. Remember, my brethren, ef Chase does stick in yoor throats at the beginnin, that the Chase yoor hollerin for aint the Chase yoo yoost to d—n. Remember that that partikeler Chase died some time since. He went out and hezn't bin heerd uv since. He wuz metamorphosed like a grub. He shed his Ablishnism and the noshens wich impelled yoo to hate him, and ez he comes to us, he is uv us. We hev bin recrooted in that way for some time. There aint but one Presidency, halleloogy, and we're tollably certain to git, sooner or later, all them who git ther eye fixed on that place, but are onable to put any other part uv their bodies ther. Let us watch and pray. Exercise daily on these candidates and all these platforms, for the good Lord who alone foreknows wich uv em we shel be compelled to hooray for. Let us accustom ourselves to all, that we may enthuse at the beginning and strike terror to the harts uv our foes." And I dismist em with my blessin.

I to wunt went home and burned all my old speeches and sermons on the nigger, destroyed remorselessly all the banners and mottoes wich hed any reference to the Ethiopian, and otherwise cleared the decks for ackshen. We may nev to go into the fite with Chase and negro suffrage. I want to commence early, so ez to get niggerphoby completely out uv my system. It's ruther renchin is these politikle gymnastics, but I am ekal to this or any other emergency.

PETROLEUM V. NASBY, P. M.
(wich is Postmaster.)

## *THE PRESS.*

THE *Tribune* makes the following comment upon the admission of

ARKANSAS IN THE UNION.

Yesterday the State of Arkansas resumed her place in the Union by the admission of her Representatives to seats in Congress, by a strict party vote, all the Republicans voting for and all the Democrats opposing her readmission. This glad and grateful news of the beginning of this work of restoration, soon to be consummated, will send a thrill of patriotic pleasure to every heart in the land which beats with love for the American name and people, and for a free and united government. It will inspire in all parts of the world fresh confidence in the stability and permanence of the triumph of our government over its late enemies, and will thereby strengthen our national credit abroad and perfect our peace at home. Above all it fixes in the public mind the irreversible nature of our reconstruction upon the basis of equal rights to all and loyal supremacy in each State. The fact that the great work of restoration is thus happily drawing to a close, that one more grand triumph of Republican principles is so rapidly passing into history, seems to have fired the Democratic party in Congress with a final spasm of rage as frantic as it was ineffectual. They find that the awful chasm which opened between the North and the South seven years ago, at the command of Democratic leaders, with a huge flourish of Democratic trumpets, is about to close again. It opened with the prediction that it would engulf forever the Union, the National Government, and Constitution, and all the hopes of the millions who loved freedom, not only for themselves, but for all men. It closes with the National Government stronger than ever, and buries in its deep abyss only slavery with its chains, and the false prophets, fallen leaders, and shattered platforms of the Democratic party.

The incoherent anger of the protest entered by the forty-five Democratic members against the readmission of Arkansas leads them to forget the facts of history, and pour out a stream of falsehoods as if the American people were destitute alike of memory, patriotism, and common sense. They denounce these constitutions as formed without the authority of law, when we know that they possess all the lawful authority an act of Congress and a vote of the people of each State could give them. They forget that, apart from these, we have no alternative but the Johnson governments, which were sanctioned neither by any law of Congress or vote of the people, and the Rebel State governments, the retention or restoration of which the Democratic party, irresponsible and reckless as it is, has never had the hardihood to recommend. They assert that the Supreme Court would have decided these Reconstruction acts unconstitutional, forgetting that Congress has the sole power to admit new States, and that the opinion of the Supreme Court on a political question is not of the least consequence. They allege that the Alabama and Arkansas Constitutions exclude Democrats from voting, forgetting that they exclude only those who disobey or violate the laws designed to secure the right of suffrage to all. Southern States have the same right to exclude Democrats who violate their suffrage laws as Northern States have to exclude, as they do, Democrats who steal, or forge, or murder. When universal suffrage has become part of the Constitution and laws of a State, those who disobey it are not Democrats merely, but criminals. The Democrats are forbidden to disfranchise the Republicans, and the rage they manifest at such a prohibition proves their desire to disfranchise the Republicans, and the wisdom of preventing such an outrage. They allege that Louisiana has had four Constitutions in four years, forgetting that during four years Lousiana has had no Constitution at all, but has simply been trying to adopt one. The protest shows that there are more Bourbons in the Democratic party, who learn nothing and forget nothing, than some of the irresponsible free lancers who fight on the outskirts of the main host are willing to admit. It foreshadows that the Democratic platform will, as its main feature, oppose the restoration of the Union in this campaign as it did in the last, and that the campaign will be waged for continued anarchy at the South. We had hoped, but not expected, that the party had learned more wisdom. If they choose, however, to write on their standards as their rallying cry "The perpetual maintainance of the dissolution of the Union," it will be only too consistent with their career for seven years past. It will roll up several hundred thousand more votes for Grant and Colfax, and perhaps these will be worth more than some smart but hypocritical dodging of the real issue by the Democratic politicians.

THE *Journal of Commerce* secs danger ahead in Mr. Shellabarger's bill to offset the "visible admixture" legislation in Ohio. It says:

A BILL "TO ALTER THE LAWS OF OHIO."

We find this startling phrase in the title of a bill lately offered by Mr. Shellabarger in the House of Representatives. The laws of Ohio, which this Radical gentleman desires Congress to alter, are those prescribing the manner of electing members of Congress. The Constitution of the United States (sec. IV., 1) says: "The times, places and manner of holding elections for Senators and Representatives shall be prescribed in each State by the Legislature thereof; but the Congress may at any time by law make, or alter, such regulations, except as to the places of choosing Senators." Nothing in this provision justifies the impertinent and offensive expression "to alter the laws of Ohio." The phrase is probably employed to impress upon the people of Ohio, and the rest of the country, a proper idea of the vastly superior wisdom and far-reaching power of Congress, extending even to the altering of State laws, when they stand in the way of the Radical Juggernaut. The particular law to be altered, in this instance, is the so-called "visible admixture" statute, passed by the Ohio Legislature last April. Under the Constitution of the State, as judicially interpreted by the Supreme Court of Ohio, persons of African descent having a preponderance of white blood, and having the other qualifications of electors in that State, are allowed to vote for members of the Assembly, and also for Representatives in Congress. The question of determining the "preponderance of white blood" has proved embarrassing. To facilitate the disposition of doubtful cases and to prevent frauds the Legislature passed a law requiring persons of African descent, in whom there was not a visible "preponderance of white blood," to be examined under oath. This law is declared to be unconstitutional by the Supreme Court of the State.

Such is the knot which Mr. Shellabarger proposes to cut with the sharp sword of Congressional authority. The title of his bill, irritating as it is meant to be to the pride of the people of Ohio, is but a foretaste of the astounding presumption of the bill itself. It is not merely the "laws of Ohio," but the Constitution of that State, which this pioneer of radicalism would "alter." In section two of the bill, the privilege of voting for Representatives in Congress is extended to "electors having African blood." Nothing is said about a "preponderance of white blood." That qualification is artfully omitted in every passage of the bill where the word "African" appears. Full-blooded negroes could vote, according to this bill. In fact, the more "African blood" they have, the more clearly would they be entitled to the special immunities and favors extended to them. They are permitted by the bill to do that which no other class of the community is authorized to do; namely, to have separate election polls, and to choose canvassers and inspectors of election exclusively among and for themselves. These officers of election decide what votes to receive and what to reject, and the votes cast must be counted in the general result. Any person who attempts to enforce the visible admixture act in Ohio "shall be deemed guilty of a high crime," and liable to imprisonment for one year, and a fine of $10,000. This remarkable bill, by which, if passed, Congress will metaphorically wipe its feet on the Constitution and laws of Ohio, has been read twice, referred to the Committee of Election, and ordered to be printed.

What next?

The *Herald*, commenting upon Mr. Sumner's letter, says:

SENATOR SUMNER ON NEGRO REPRESENTATION.

Mr. J. W. Smith, of Norfolk, Va., writes to Senator Sumner to know if a colored man should be elected to Congress, would he be eligible under the first article, second section, of the Constitution of the United States? Mr. Sumner replies that he knows of no ground on which he (the colored man) could be excluded, and that such a representative is necessary to complete the triumph of equal rights. This, however, does not answer Mr. Smith's question. The second section, first article, of the Constitution to which he refers says: "No person shall be a representative (in Congress) who shall not have attained to the age of twenty-five years and have been seven years a citizen of the United States," etc. Supposing that Dr. Bayne, the colored candidate up for Congress in the Norfolk district, is elected, his eligibility will essentially depend upon his competency to answer this question: "Have you been seven years a citizen of the United States?" He may, perhaps, answer "Yes, sir; I was born and raised in my district, and have lived there all my life." But that will not do. According to the Dred Scott decision of the Supreme Court (1856) negroes are not citizens of the United States. If we are not mistaken this decision remained "the supreme law of the land" until the year 1866, when, by the passage of the Civil Rights bill, negroes born upon the soil were by law proclaimed citizens of the United States. If we are correct in this, Dr. Bayne, the colored candidate for Congress in the Norfolk district, has, under the law, been only two years a citizen of the United States, and is, therefore, ineligible. Not only so, but neither he nor any other citizen of African descent in the country will be eligible to the House of Representatives for five years to come, and for the Senate, seven years more of citizenship will be reqired to admit a colored member. Such, as it appears to us, is the law; but as each House of Congress is by the Constitution made the judge of the qualifications, etc., of its members, we presume that there will be no difficulty about the eligibility of Dr. Bayne, if elected, to the present House of Representatives.

## *ATTACK UPON COLORED MEN IN TENNESSEE.*

The Nashville correspondent of the Cincinnati *Gazette* says:

"On Monday evening, June 15, a band of twenty mounted Ku-Klux rode out of the little village of Chapel Hill to engage in their usual recreation. They had given out that they meant to whip a colored teacher from Nashville, named Garrett, but failing to find him, they went to the cabin of an old colored man, who was sick at the time, dragged him out his bed, stripped him naked, tied him, took him some distance from his home, and decided to give him five lashes apiece—in all, a hundred lashes. The pleasure to the fiends was so great that each one of the gang wished to share it. They then began their infernal work. At every blow the old man groaned out, 'Oh!' 'Oh!' This was too much, and a company of eight colored men, who had armed themselves with shot guns, and had been unobserved spectators of the scene, fired upon the Ku-Klux, and they fled in every direction, leaving several of their horses and a number of their masks.

"The next day the whole country about was in a war fever. The guilty negroes must be hunted down! They have fired upon the innocent Ku-Klux! They have at last resisted wholesome chastisement! The whole community was under arms, and the country was scoured for the negroes. For protection, a company of about thirty colored men procured such arms as they could, and, with only about two rounds of shot apiece, they stood all day Tuesday on the defensive. On Wednesday Esquire Williams sent a messenger to the colored boys that if they would come into town, and give up their arms, the civil authorities would protect them, and peace and quiet should be restored. The proposition was accepted.

"As the whole country was full of armed gangs of white men, the colored men determined to come in a body to Nashville, and they kept together, holding their enemies at bay until they got out of danger and encamped on the Stone river battle-ground, near Murfreesboro. Here they rested, but new troubles were prepared for them. An absurd story was circulated that the negroes had risen and were marching on Murfreesboro. The democratic fools flew to arms. The sheriff of the county rode out to the grounds where the poor fugitives were, resting themselves, and told them that five hundred men were under arms in town, and that to prevent trouble they had better give up their arms, divide into small squads, and in that way come on to Nashville. The sheriff assured them that if they complied with his suggestion they that should be allowed to proceed unmolested. They did as he desired, and then commenced a chase by the honorable and high-minded authorities and citizens of Murfreesboro, the sheriff, it is believed, at the head of them, for the capture of these unarmed men. They were pursued for miles, chased through field and wood, fired upon, and quite a number were captured. A small part of the band reached Nashville on Friday morning.

"General Carlin, of the Freedmen's Bureau, has made an energetic representation of the case to General Thomas and Governor Brownlow. Whether anything will be done to relieve the suffering of these abused citizens, no one can tell. Their condition is most pitiable."

## *THE SOUTHERN DEMOCRACY.*

LETTER FROM "OCCASIONAL."

WASHINGTON, June 26, 1868.

*The Democrats of South Carolina are on their way to New York.* The rebels of the whole South will be heavily represented in the Democratic National Convention on the 4th of July. South Carolina will, as usual, take the lead. I find the correct list of her delegation in the Charleston *Mercury* of day before yesterday. A few of the names—a little of the history of this band of worthies, will be a refreshing exhibition to my readers:

FOR THE STATE AT LARGE.

*Delegates.*—Hon. B. F. Perry, Hon. Jas. Chesnut, General Wade Hampton, Hon. James B. Campbell.

*Alternates.*—Judge J. A. Inglish, Judge A. P. Aldrich; Hon. C. M. Furman, Chancellor J. P. Carroll.

FOR THE FIRST CONGRESSIONAL DISTRICT.

Colonel W. S. Mullins, Hon. J. L. Manning, General J. B. Kershaw, Hon. R. Dozier.

FOR THE SECOND CONGRESSIONAL DISTRICT.

Hon. Charles Tracy, Hon. C. H. Simonton, R. B. Rhett, Jr., Esq., John Hanckel.

FOR THE THIRD CONGRESSIONAL DISTRICT.

Hon. John S. Preston, General M. W. Gary, General M. L. Bonham, Hon. A. P. Fredrick.

FOR THE FOURTH CONGRESSIONAL DISTRICT.

Hon. Armistead Burt, Hon. W. D. Simpson.

Let me make a note of some of these men:

Wade Hampton (ex-rebel general), James Chesnut (a seceding United States Senator and member of the rebel Congress), Judge Aldrich (last year removed by General Canby from his judgeship for open hostility to the government), ex-Governor John L. Manning (rebel commissioner from South Carolina in 1861, and member of the State Convention that declared South Carolina out of the Union), M. L. Bonham (one of the seceding members of the XXXVth Congress, representative in the rebel Congress, rebel Governor of South Carolina, and one of the rebel commissioners to Buchanan who demanded that the General Government should not attempt to hold Fort Sumpter), and Robert Barnwell Rhett, the Calhoun of the rebellion—the first man who in the United States Congress, of which he was both a Representative and Senator, openly advocated the dissolution of the Union. Of course he was the malignant advocate of the rebellion, and led in demanding it in the convention of his State, and supporting it in the Congress at Richmond. The following sentiments are taken from his speech in the South Carolina Convention, on the 24th of December, 1860, as they appear in McPherson's History of the Rebellion, page 18:

The secession of South Carolina is not an event of to-day. It is not anything produced by Mr. Lincoln's election, or by the non-execution of the fugitive slave law. It has been a matter which has been gathering head for thirty years. The election of Lincoln and Hamlin was the last straw on the back of the camel. But it was not the only one. The back was nearly broken before. The point upon which I differ from my friend is this: He says he thought it expedient for us to put this great question before all the world upon this simple matter of wrongs on the question of slavery, and that question turned upon the fugitive slave law. Now, in regard to the fugitive slave law, I myself doubt its constitutionality, and I doubted it on the floor of the Senate, when I was a member of that body. The States, acting in their sovereign capacity, should be responsible for the rendition of fugitive slaves. That was our best security. This report has proceeded upon the elaborate discussion of a constitutional question, about which the very ablest men in this State have doubted. When we go before the world, if we put it upon a mere matter of this kind we do not do justice to our cause. Sir, to whom are we to speak? Is it simply to the North? We are about to sunder our relations with that section, and I trust forever. Our treaties, I suppose, will be with the nations of Europe. Do you suppose the nations of Europe will have any sympathy with us, or confidence, or affection, because of the violation of the fugitive slave law? Germany, and France, and England, what do they all say? Sir, in setting up our independence, we are not to narrow it down simply to the question of slavery.

The report, written by the author of these atrocious sentiments, pronouncing the secession of South Carolina and forcing other States to follow her, was unanimously adopted by the convention.

The other delegates from South Carolina to the Democratic National Convention are rebels equally audacious. They go to that body not only without recanting their doctrines or regretting the war that sprung from them, but under the authority of the following resolution adopted by the State Convention which appointed them, and approved by most of the district conventions:

Resolved, That having entire confidence in the principles and patriotism of the Democratic party, and believing and trusting to their assurances that they will, if triumphant, restore and maintain at the South, as they have done at the North, in the East, and in the West, the supremacy and the government of the white race—a white man's government—leaving to the States themselves to regulate their suffrage laws; and also that they will expunge the usurpations and the fraudulent governments created by the military power, under what are called reconstruction laws, and thereby restore to the Union the Southern States, *such as they were before the enactment of said laws*, we hereby pledge ourselves to the support of the candidates of that party for President and Vice President of the United States, to be nominated at the coming convention in the City of New York, on the 4th day of July next.

The Democrats of the adhering States will not forget that it was the arrogance of the South Carolina traitors in 1860 which sacrificed Douglass and divided their party. Now they are compelled to sit in council with the most of these men, headed by the defiant Rhett himself, whose adhesion is couched in the most offensive tones, and coupled with the most degrading conditions!

These are the gentry who rail at negro supremacy in South Carolina, and whose sufferings are bewailed by all the Democratic papers of the North. What negro has been guilty of such insolence and treason? What negro, even if he had been traitor enough to take part in the rebellion, would have gloried in it after defeat, and have insisted on the restoration to South Carolina of her old tyrannical constitution as the condition of his repentance?

And all these men will support any candidate nominated at New York, and will swear allegiance to any platform; but they will use the candidate, if he is elected, to carry out the spirit of their doctrines and their instructions, and they will repudiate the platform precisely as they repudiated their oaths to the government of their fathers!

Keep record and remembrance of these developments, Republicans! They will be as effective upon the rebel Democracy in peace as Grant's shot and shell were upon the rebel Democracy in arms.

OCCASIONAL.

## *COLORED SCHOOL TEACHERS.*

From the Baltimore American.

WE regret to see that the School Board has, by a vote of fourteen to four, adopted the report of their committee in favor of excluding colored teachers from employment in the colored schools. Messrs. Wentz, Bantz, Johnson and Watkins voted against the exclusion of colored teachers, and we feel confident that they will soon carry a majority of the board with them against this act of manifest injustice to the colored race. This is a question that should rise above politics and prejudices of race, and be settled upon the broad principles of right and justice. The Council has, in resolving to continue the colored schools, acted on the ground that education is a preventive of vice, crime, and vagrancy, and that it is the duty of those having charge of the educational and reformatory institutions of the city to extend their beneficial influences to all classes of the community, irrespective of race or color. If colored teachers are found capable of teaching their own race and color, we hope that the Board and the Council will make one more step towards the right, and not exclude them from this small "chance in the race of life." Most of the colored schools, we learn, have now colored teachers, and the rapid advance made by the scholars is sufficient proof of their efficiency. In fact, it is not contended that there are not abundance of them of requisite education and capacity, and that they will take more interest and pride in the advancement of their scholars than white teachers cannot for a moment be doubted.

The resolution confining the ten colored schools to be sustained by the city to the class known as "primary," is also unworthy of the enlightened age in which we live. We hope it is not intended to confine their education to mere spelling and reading—if so, one third of the scholars now in the schools will be regarded as having finished their education. School commissioners should not half do the thing they have undertaken to do. Give the colored people at least two grammar schools as a beginning, and let them have a chance to make their children useful, at least to themselves and their race.

## *THE GOV. EYRE CASE—THE MARRIED WOMEN'S BILL.*

LONDON, June 13, 1868.

THE exposure of the trick by which Mr. Justice Blackburn persuaded the Grand Jury to ignore the bill against Mr. Eyre, occasions a great scandal. I don't know how it happened that Mr. Justice Blackburn was chosen to deliver the charge. It was considered at the time that his address to the jury was a very able and adroit argument for Eyre. Its effect on the jury was great, and greatly increased by the emphatic statement of the Judge that his associates on the bench agreed with him in all his propositions of law. How came it, then, that the views of the Chief-Justice had undergone a complete transformation since his memorable charge in the case of Nelson and Brand? They had not, nor is the Chief-Justice the man to sit quietly while his learned brother affirmed that they had. There must have been an explosion in private which ought would like to know something about, but before it got to the public the contradiction took a decorous shape. Some days after the charge, the judges came into court. The Chief-Justice read a paper declaring that his brother Blackburn, in asserting his concurrence with the views of the Eyre charge, had fallen into a great mistake. He did not concur. He dissented with great positiveness. He had not changed his opinion since his own charge was delivered. He still held that the forcible bringing of Gordon into a district under martial law was illegal. He denied that martial law, as now understood, was ever legally put in force in England against civilians not taken in arms. He denied that the Jamaica statutes authorized martial law, except in the very limited sense of enforcing military service from citizens. On these three cardinal points, the opinions of Mr. Justice Blackburn, and a majority of his brethren on the bench, were completely at variance. Mr. Justice Blackburn had substantially prohibited the Grand Jury from finding a bill. The majority of the court would have directed them to present an indictment against Eyre.

What had Mr. Justice Blackburn to say in explanation? Almost nothing. He had drawn up a paper covering certain points in his charge—scarcely more than a single proposition, and that not controverted. This paper he had read to a portion of his associates in private. The Chief Justice was not present. When he came in, the substance of it was stated to him, and he concurred. Then Mr. Justice Blackburn went before the Grand Jury with his three other propositions, not one of which he had stated to the court, and affirmed that the court sanctioned them all!

Well, Mr. Justice Blackburn carried his point. No indictment was brought against Eyre. His character—I mean Blackburn's—stands so high that men prefer to think he committed no fraud, that there was a misunderstanding, that he was carried away by an excess of zeal in behalf of Mr. Eyre. The Chief-Justice could not have been silent without an utter forgetfulness of duty, yet there is more comment on his plain truth-telling than on the prevarication of his associate. At this moment, the defenders of the character of an English judge have but one thing to urge in his behalf. They say he was led into an indiscretion by his desire to shield from prosecution a man who put to death 350 men and women by martial law after his own proclamation had declared the island restored to tranquility. If that is the charitable view, let us take it, for we could not on our side urge anything much harsher.

All this has damaged Eyre a little with the public, but nothing can damp the zeal of his admirers. They started a subscription in the clubs to enable him to contest Mr. Mill's seat in Parliament, but men had got tired of giving money, and that fell through. Mr. Hamilton Hume, Secretary of the Eyre Defense and Aid Fund, finds it convenient to say to-day that it was never seriously entertained. The government have intimated that they mean to pay Mr. Eyre's expenses, though not to protect him by an act of Parliament against further prosecution. Naturally enough, one of the subscribers to the fund thereupon writes to the papers to know why the public should also be asked to pay. He begs Sir Roderick Murchison, who has soiled his venerable name by lending it for Eyre's defense, to say what is to be done with the £12,000 and more which long since were said to have been subscribed. Sir Roderick does not answer, but the irrepressible Mr. Hume does. "The object of our fund is to *aid* Mr. Eyre as well as to defend him." The money may be wanted to pay damages in civil action. But that is not all. The committee will meet in a day or two to consider whether the time has not come "for an expression of public sympathy in the form of a national testimonial to be presented to Mr. Eyre!" That, apparently, is what Mr. Hume has been wanting money for, since the friends of Mr. Eyre had undoubtedly been informed in advance that the Government meant to pay the bills for his defense. I hope they will go ahead and try. They can easily give Mr. Eyre a large sum, and they will at the same time compel the Jamaica Committee to go on with the prosecution to the bitter end. There are still eleven or twelve different complaints and processes which can be brought against him. Before they are all exhausted, Mr. Eyre may, if the committee is thus challenged to use its weapons, need all the money the admirers of wholesale murder and woman-flogging can raise for his defense.

Mr. Shaw Lefevre's bill to secure to married women the control of their own property, has had a great triumph. A strong minority was all its friends expected, and they are agreeably surprised by a tie vote. The casting vote of the Speaker carried it to a second reading, not because that wigged functionary is on the side of the women, but because he always, in case of a tie vote, so votes as to leave the question open. In this case a vote would again be taken on the third reading, but the bill has gone to a Select Committee and will stay there. Legislation is so much behind hand this session that what members choose to call fancy measures have no chance of becoming laws. The House must adjourn in August or September at latest, for the grouse-shooting—which is a much more important business than securing to a few hundred thousand women the earnings of which their husbands now have a legal right to rob them. When Mr. Lefevre first brought in this bill *The Times* attacked it and him with its usual courageous vigor against a weak minority. The 123 votes this week in the House have convinced the leading journal that there is much to be said for the measure, the adoption of which it would now see "without regret." A few months more, and another strong vote, and we shall have *The Times* denouncing, as it ought to denounce, the rank injustice of the existing law. It never fails to wheel into line with a victorious party.

Neither Mr. Gladstone nor Mr. Disraeli voted on this division. Mr. Lowe made a strong speech for the bill. Mr. Mill spoke for it, but remarked that he should regret its defeat the less because such a denial of justice would immensely strengthen the movement for Women's Suffrage. For the credit of his own sex he nevertheless hoped it might pass. I see no prominent Liberal name among the Noes. Lord Amberley, Mr. Bright, Mr. Fawcett, Mr.

Forster, Mr. Kinglake and Mr. Taylor, were all among the Ayes.—*George W. Smalley—Tribune's London Correspondence.*

### *WASHINGTON COLLEGE.*

THE ALUMNI SUPPER—SOME OF THE TOASTS AND THE RESPONSES.

THE Richmond papers have given long accounts of the Commencement exercises of Washington College, of which Robert E. Lee is President.

It will be remembered that this is the college which Henry Ward Beecher has taken under his special patronage, assisted by Gerrit Smith, and others. The Alumni supper took place on the evening of the 18th inst. We commend to the attention of these gentlemen the following paragraphs which we take from the report in the *Dispatch*:

Gen. Echols presided with dignity and grace, mingled with a flow of ready wit. Beside him sat Gen R. E. Lee, the peerless chieftain; Gen. Wade Hampton, the dashing cavalry leader; Gen. James A. Walker, the bravest of the brave; and Col. Robt. E. Withers, no less gallant in the field than indomitable in his efforts to bear aloft the flag of the white man's party in Virginia. About 180 guests were at the well-arranged tables; among them some of the most gifted sons of the South.

After the clatter of knives and forks had somewhat ceased, Gen. Echols, in a few well-chosen words, gave a cordial greeting to the Alumni and their guests, and proposed as the first toast of the evening: "The President of Washington College—'Peace hath her victories no less renowned than war.'" This toast was drank standing in silence, and none the less cordially by some of us who used Nature's own beverage, sparkling water.

The fourth regular toast was:

The fallen heroes of the war! Noble men! The story of their martyrdom adds fresh lustre to a motto too often sneered at: "*Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori!*"

Gen. Echols said he would call on to respond to that toast the man whom our fallen heroes would call on if they could speak—Gen. Wade Hampton.

Gen. Hampton said that he was proud to think that our fallen braves would be willing to accept votive offerings from him. Alluding most touchingly to our martyred dead, he said that our grief should be tempered as we remember that they fell when they thought they would not fall in vain—that they fell in the bright hope that success would crown our efforts. But he did not believe they had fallen in vain—the cause for which Jackson and Stuart fell cannot be in vain, but in some form would yet triumph. He proposed the "Lost Cause," for which our heroes fell. This was drank silently and solemnly by all; and in looking around we observed that nearly all present were Confederate soldiers.

The eighth toast was:

"The true men of the South! Having courage without rashness, prudence without timidity, they neither quail before the frown of power nor fawn upon the hands that have manacled the liberties of their country!"

Major J. Horace Lacy called upon the man who had led the Stonewall brigade to respond to that toast.

After some humorous hits at Major Lacy, whom he had seen when he was not quite so jubilant as now, Gen. Walker said that he did claim to be one of the "true men of Virginia"—that during the war he had tried to do his duty in seeking the real interests of Virginia, and that since the surrender he had never bowed the knee to Baal. He never meant to acknowledge higher allegiance than he owed his State.

Gen. Echols said that Gen. Lee had retired, expressing his regret at leaving such pleasant company, and now that he had gone, he proposed the health of "*Old Marse Robert*," as we used to call him. This was drank standing, and three vociferous cheers given for the loved old hero.

### *AN INTERVIEW WITH THADDEUS STEVENS.*

BY MARY E. THROPP.

(Correspondence of the Adams County Republican.)

MR. STEVENS sat at the head of his table in the long, cool committee room, alone, looking pale and wasted, but his own calm, superior self, notwithstanding. He welcomed us with a kindly gleam of his clear gray eye, gave to each his feeble hand, and drew seats for our little party on either side of him. Turning to Mrs. Taylor (mother of Bayard Taylor, and a most delightful old lady) he said: "I was at Kennett Square once. Twenty years ago or more, one named Cooper or Hooper and myself spoke to the honest Quaker farmers of Kennett on the abolition question, from a woodpile. Some years after, when I was elected to Congress, I received a letter from one of them written in this wise: 'Friend Stevens—Thee and that other man promised us big things, years ago, on our wood-pile. I did not believe thee then, but I have watched thee since, and thou hast spoken truth—but as for that other man with thee, he lied all the way through.'"

Mr. Stevens said he went by Valley Forge on that occasion, having an engagement next day to speak at Norristown. We regretted the fact. He said he did too; nothing should take him by that old, classic ground of America, if he had it to do again.

Whilst we were enjoying the conversation of "the old man eloquent," across the hall of "The People's House;" in the Senate, the impeachment trial was pending, and we asked him if he was sanguine as to the conviction of the President. He shook his head; "As long as it depends on man's decision, no!—poor human nature! No honest office-holder that comes here, if he does right, can get one dollar ahead: and yet I marvel to see men, poor when they came here, go out of that Senate worth half a million."

We had been shown, the day before, a threatening letter written to Mr. Stevens by the Kuklux Klan, telling him to "prepare," that "his days were numbered," etc. On being asked if he feared them, he said, "Not now: it is too late." Said he had received more than a barrel of threatening letters in his time from the South, but they had ceased to disturb him, long ago. If God willed, he should like to see the dear old Government in the right groove once more, and running smoothly on, but he feared that was impossible now.

Turning to our sweet sister, with a look the solemn beauty of which I shall never forget, he said, "It may be something for our young friend here to remember that when I came to Washington last autumn, scarcely expecting to live a couple of days, I felt as calm and tranquil in view of death as I do this pleasant morning. True, I have very little property, and no children; am consequently free from the cares that harass most men, if only, (he added with a profound sigh), if only peace were secured to our beloved country." On being assured that we could not spare him yet, that the people needed him, would pray that his life might be prolonged, he seemed touched and replied, "Ah! this worn-out body is very wearisome. The days have come for me 'when there is no pleasure in them.'"

It is impossible to be with Mr. Stevens, or hear him speak for half an hour, without having the conviction forced home that the man is merged in the patriot. Self-abnegation is the key-note to his character, and I may add to his success. Who does not know that Thaddeus Stevens has asked of our government no remuneration for the destruction of valuable property—the result of his extensive legal practice—by the rebel raiders during the war?

Who *does* know—for Thaddeus Stevens gives and forgets—that when Mrs. Lydia Jane Pearson could not maintain her fatherless children by her pen, Mr. Stevens sent her a deed of gift for the snug little homestead farm? Dear "Uncle Thad," sublime old man! Well may Anna Dickinson say, "I feel proud as a crowned Queen, when I think I came from the same State that produced Thaddeus Stevens."

WASHINGTON, June, 1868.

THE *Vindicator*, a Democratic sheet published at Pine Bluff, Ark., has the following:

Another "trooly loil" man was lately killed in Bradley county, and we have information that such will continue until the last of that hateful class is entirely eradicated. Among the virtues of the deceased, we notice that he expressed great love for the glorious Union during the late struggle by robbing and murdering rebels. Such being the case, we wish that all of his kind were so far in perdition that Satan's shrewdest detective could not find them.

GEO. W. DILL, an intelligent colored man, who had been elected to the South Carolina Legislature, was murdered in his residence near Camden, in that State, on the night of the 7th inst., by a party of rebels. The wife of the murdered man was also very dangerously wounded by the fire of the assassins. These murderers are the "brethren" under whose control the Democrats are desirous of putting the political power of the Southern States.—*Norristown (Pa.) Independent.*

DEMOCRATIC planters in Virginia now insert in their contracts with negro workmen a clause that the latter shall vote as their employers may direct. *Philadelphia Press.*


# National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 4, 1868.


### *ADMISSION OF REBEL STATES.*

CONGRESS brings the rebel States back into its Halls: not because any man thinks them fit and ready: but to help Grant's chances of election. In this sort of game the Republican leaders have always shown themselves clumsy players, and we fear they are fated in this instance to find themselves at fault. Tennessee and West Virginia were brought in with the same plea—sagacious managers' idea of strengthening the party. But the Senators from these two States have been constant stumbling blocks and checkmated impeachment at last. Present appearances indicate the same result in these lately admitted States. If their admission defeats Grant, we shall not be surprised. If Senators may be bought, why not Presidential electors? Bribery has become now a fixed element in our politics. We look to see the action of the Presidential Electors steeped in such corruption as will throw the impeachment market thoroughly into the shade. With Johnson in the White House it is a dangerous step to admit these seven States. Unless carefully watched they will prove a serious danger to the loyal party. This peril is more specially imminent because the *land* has been left so exclusively in the hands of white Secessionists. The Negro votes the Republican ticket at the risk of starvation, if not of life. Beside this the negro voters lack organization. They are just now especially liable to be deceived in their candidates. The South swarms with adventurers and reckless speculators, the most hopeful speculation just now, is by hypocrisy and bribes, to buy admission to the Senate or Electoral College. With the influence of the administration on their side, success will not be difficult. Such transition times as these are hotbeds of turncoats—and traitors. If the cold North plants Rosses, Fowlers and Fessendens, what a fourfold crop of Burrs and Arnolds, the tropic South will give us back! The Republican party has charlatans enough who plume themselves on being "practical men." The admission of these States is their boasted "practical Statesmanship." In our view it is putting a knife into the hands of Northern and Southern rebels wherewith to cut the throat of the loyal party. Nothing but the persistent vigilance and activity of Fanatics can avert that result. Statesmen—denounced as dreamers—must take up the stitches these blunderers who think themselves owls—are constantly dropping. Save us from conceited friends, and we will risk the shrewdest enemies.

WENDELL PHILLIPS.

### *THE FOURTH OF JULY.*

THE recurrence of this anniversary suggests the inquiry as to how far we have reduced to practice the comprehensive theory of human rights, announced as the basis of government in this country in the great Declaration of ninety-two years ago. Its self-evident truths have been each year reaffirmed, but the government has perpetuated the class and caste distinctions which were embodied at the outset in its organization. The average lifetime of three generations has passed, and to our shame, as a people, it must be written that on the Fourth of July, 1868, the American government has not yet risen above the level of the class rule of white men.

Chattelism, it is true, has been formally abolished. But its landless, persecuted, and outraged victims are still in great danger. They have as yet been enfranchised only in part, and at best but experimentally. They hold such freedom as they have by the uncertain tenure of the white man's will. Hundreds of thousands, in the Border and Northern States, are wholly disfranchised. Must the lifetime of another generation be spent ere this inequality be overcome?

This year ought to have closed in our political history the disgraceful era of disfranchisement on account of color. But the best of the two great political parties timidly abandons the field without a struggle. The other—the old-time champion of slavery, slave-hunting and the extension of slave territory—assembles in National Convention in this city to-day to reassert the infamous doctrine that this is a "white man's government," and to undo, if possible, what has been done towards the emancipation and enfranchisement of the colored race. Such is the political situation that it is not easy to foresee which, in the pending Presidential contest, will be the majority, and which the minority party. In either case the rights of the disfranchised must needs be asserted, if at all, by those with whom the self-evident, all-important truths of the Declaration of Independence have a higher value than the temporizing limitations of either of the political party platforms.

It is true that in the so-called reconstructed States, colored men are to-day enfranchised where formerly they were bought and sold as chattels. For this great change we are profoundly grateful. We are glad also that the Republican party at Chicago gave its voice for the continuation of the ballot in the hands of the colored men of the rebel States. But in its cowardly failure to assert the same right for colored men everywhere, it puts in great jeopardy the result of the experiment, the continuance of which it recommends in the South. Ultimately suffrage must be enjoyed in common by the colored men of both the North and South or be withdrawn altogether. It is the criminal blunder of the Republican party this year that it wastes a most favorable opportunity to settle, upon the basis of impartial equality, the question of suffrage for the colored people of this country. It is a needless postponement, as unwise and unjust as it is unnecessary.

It must also be remembered on this historic day that while the theory of human rights, embodied in the great Declaration is of universal application, women—not less human on account of sex—are everywhere disfranchised. While half the people are ruled out of politics and subjected to laws in the making of which they are allowed no responsible voice, solely on account of sex, the Fourth of July cannot be commemorated as a victory won, for the doctrines with which it is associated. That full triumph will come with a government which shall know only the citizen and constituent, irrespective of the accident either of complexion or sex. May such a consummation be speedily achieved, and its blessings be realized throughout the land by all the inhabitants thereof.

### *NOTES AND COMMENTS.*

The Philadelphia *Morning Post*, we are glad to see, urges the Republican party to make impartial suffrage for colored men throughout the country a recognized issue to be triumphantly sustained. This is timely and important advice, as expedient for the party as it is just to disfranchised colored men. It says "There is no safety in retreat; there is no prudence except in assuming the risk of battle. Therefore we commend to all friends of impartial suffrage the watchword of the early Abolitionists—Agitate! Agitate! Agitate! Keep the invincible argument, the supreme truth, before the people, and hasten the victory which no human power can finally prevent."

The murderous Ku-Klux Klan conspirators continue their guerrilla warfare in the South. We print elsewhere an account of their inhuman outrages upon colored people in Tennessee. Nor are their bloody assaults confined to the colored people. White loyalists and Union soldiers are not unfrequently their victims. The following is one of the latest illustrations of this fiendish rebel warfare, telegraphed from Bowling Greene, Ky., June 27: "Nathan Dawson, a returned Union soldier, was murdered near here on Saturday, by the Ku-klux Klan. He was living quietly at his home, unconscious of danger, the assassins went to his house, called him to the door, and fired a volley at him, killing him instantly, and dangerously, if not mortally, wounding his wife, who ran to his assistance. These assassins are the terror of this entire country. The life of no one who is suspected of Unionism is safe. Not a day passes but some deed of horror is perpetrated by them."

We commend to the attention of Senator Fessenden, and the Boston Republicans who delight to do him honor, the above murder—one instance of many—as the legitimate fruit of his treachery, coupled with that of his comrades, in keeping in the White House, Andrew Johnson, the chief of the Ku-Klux.

We invite attention to the call of the Pennsylvania Equal Rights League for a meeting to be held at Williamsport, Pa., on the 11th of August next. We hope the colored people, not only of Pennsylvania, but of adjacent States may attend this meeting in full force, and demand earnestly of Congress immediate enfranchisement by a National Suffrage Law, at least for all elective Federal offices—for President, Vice-President and Members of Congress. This is a duty which Congress cannot properly postpone.

A VIRGINIA correspondent asks us to publish the following petition:

*To the House of Representatives of the United States:*

We the undersigned, inhabitants of ——, do respectfully petition your honorable body to *renew* the effort to impeach Andrew Johnson, President of the United States.

Our correspondent says: "If he (Andrew Johnson), is permitted to go out of office unimpeached, then the power of impeachment in the Constitution becomes a dead letter, and consequently, no one who may occupy the Presidential chair, whatever may be his recklessness in regard to the rights of the people, can be restrained by any apprehension of impeachment. Thus the fundamental principles of a Republican government will be subverted. After so much costly sacrifice to save our beloved country, we cannot endure to see it placed in such fearful peril." He adds: "I was in Washington on the Thursday preceding the Saturday on which the vote was taken on the eleventh article of impeachment. With one Senator, who by another Senator was placed among those marked 'doubtful,' I freely talked. He argued against impeachment—yet he voted for it. One of his remarks made much impression on my mind; it was this: he said, with strong emphasis—'The impeachment charges are too technical, they cluster too much around Edwin M. Stanton: *they fail to say what* THE PEOPLE *are most thinking about.*' Here is an *index* truth, which those should study whose duty it may be to prepare new articles of impeachment. Let those be few—(such as 'the people are most thinking about'), explicitly named and tersely expressed. We expect that new members will soon be added to the Senate; therefore, impeachment may succeed. An objector says—'Let us not move in this matter again, the President has so short a time to remain.' We reply '*impeach him if it cannot be done until the last hour of his term of office.*' Such a warning ought to be recorded on the pages of American history."

We agree with our correspondent that impeachment ought to be renewed. We are glad to learn from Washington that the Hon. Thaddeus Stevens is prepared to present new articles, and to support them by an elaborate, carefully prepared speech. He awaits only the presentation of Gen. Butler's report to the House, on the corrupt influences which were allowed to baulk the former trial. Every hour Congress permits Andrew Johnson to remain in the Executive Chair, is fraught with peril to the white and black Unionists of the South, and calamity to the Nation. Let him be impeached again and promptly deposed.

*The Commonwealth* is the name of a new, handsomely printed, and well-edited, evening, two cent daily, which made its appearance in this city on Saturday last. It is Republican in politics.

The Democratic Convention brings to this city a strong array of copperheads and champions of the "Lost Cause." The reunion of Northern and Southern Democrats will this time be quite complete. Four years ago, if not estranged, they were at least inconveniently separated. Chief Justice Chase, it is announced, is also to be here. His headquarters, it is said, will be at the St. Cloud Hotel, where Henry A. Wise, the hangman of John Brown, has also engaged rooms. The "coming man" of the Convention is not yet very clearly indicated, though we presume it is not improbable that he will be Horatio Seymour.

### *PERSONAL.*

REV. David A. Wasson, has been appointed to an office in the Boston custom-house.

The Rev. John W. Chadwick of Brooklyn will spend his summer vacation at Marblehead, Mass.

John Russell Young, of the *Tribune*, is to be one of the party that will accompany Colfax to the Rocky Mountains.

Mrs. Lucia Gilbert Calhoun has become one of the contributors to the *Riverside*, and is writing a series of articles on "Colonial Scenes in New York."

The Rev. O. B. Frothingham will preach his concluding discourse for the season on Sunday, the 5th inst. His church will be closed until about the middle of September.

Miss Charlotte Cushman, the actress, Miss Emma Stebbins, the sculptress, and Mr. Wm. Mason, the pianist, were among the passengers by the Scotia which arrived at this port on Tuesday last.

The *Commonwealth* says:

"The New England Women's Club is already vigorous and useful. Miss Lucy Sewall, M. D., on the eve of her departure for Europe, was given a choice reunion on Wednesday evening at its parlors, in Tremont place."

Madame Francisca D'Assis Martinz Wood, the Portuguese wife of an English gentleman, is chief editor of a new paper which comes from Lisbon called *A Voz Feminina*, edited by women and devoted to the cause of woman's emancipation.

Telegraphic "straws:"

June 16.—"This morning *Senator Ross* had an interview with the Executive."

June 17.—"Among the distinguished visitors to the President were .... *Senator Henderson*, .... and a number of Representatives."

June 18.—"*Senator Fessenden* had an interview with Mr. Johnson this morning."

The *Springfield Republican* says:

"Our Legislature, which refused to allow women to serve on school committees, established an advisory board of women to aid the trustees of the State industrial school at Lancaster in managing that institution, which recieves none but girls. There are seven trustees, all men, to whom have now been added three women as counselors: and Gov. Bullock has appointed Mrs. Rachel Howland of New Bedford, Miss Elizabeth Fisher of Lancaster, and Mrs. Mary A. Fay of Worcester, to the new places. These are good appointments, and the measure, so far as it goes, is a good one."

Alexander Dumas, the inexhaustible French novelist, has a very curious cane. This cane, which M. Dumas uses constantly, is made of paper. It is not blank paper, however, but contains in fine type the entire novel of the "Three Musketeers," M. Dumas's greatest work. The paper on which the novel is printed, is rolled tightly, gummed, and hardened by some process into a strong and shapely cane, with a gold head, upon unscrewing which the first few lines of the story are distinctly visible. This singular cane was manufactured by an enthusiastic provincial admirer of M. Dumas, and sent to the great romancist a few months ago.

In Richmond, Va., John Dabney, purchased his freedom from his mistress just before the war for $2000, agreeing to pay the amount by instalments. During the pendency of the struggle he paid about one-half of it in Confederate currency, which was at last so depreciated in value that his late mistress requested him to discontinue the payments until the close of the conflict. When slavery was abolished, the debt was of course no longer due; but, notwithstanding he was advised against such a course, Dabney lately transmitted to his old mistress, now in indigent circumstances, $600 in greenbacks, being the balance of the $2000 he had contracted to pay.

The Philadelphia *Post* says:

"Mr. James Brooks, of New York, paid great attention to the Chinese ambassadors when they were received by Congress, and appeared to be much pleased that one of the Mandarins of Seven Buttons, deigned to take his arm and parade with him the floor. The utter hypocrisy of the Democratic prejudice against color is shown by hundreds of such cases. Wherein are these Mongolians better than thousands of colored men in America? Indeed, there is reason to believe that the Chinese are very inferior, for they actually walk with Mr. Brooks—an honor he could not easily obtain from Mr. Douglass or Mr. Purvis."

The Washington correspondent of the *Boston Commonwealth* says:

"Mr. Alfred Lee, the well-known and highly-respected colored man, who has so long carried on, upon an extensive scale, the flour and grain business in this city and in Georgetown, died at his residence in the latter place on Saturday last, at the age of sixty-two. He leaves property to an amount exceeding a quarter of a million dollars. When Lord Lyons retired from the British legation here, Mr. Lee purchased the house which he had occupied, paying therefor the sum of $30,000. Comprised in his estate is the house next door to Gen. Grant's, built by the late Senator Stephen A. Douglass, of which he came into possession by foreclosure of mortgage, having loaned Mr. Douglas a considerable sum of money."

THE *Boston Commonwealth*, in an article on the Fessenden Dinner, referring to Messrs. Fessenden and Sumner says:

"Our Boston friends who would dine Mr. Fessenden see nothing reprehensible, politically or morally, in the career of that gentleman, for the last two months! We thank God that there are thousands in this community who do—who hold him guilty of party recreancy and apostacy to humanity alike. He has trifled with justice, and abandoned mercy. His cold legal subtleties have sent new dangers to every loyal man in the South, and should intensify the contempt of every just man in the North. Mr. Fessenden appreciated equally with Mr. Sumner! What Mr. Fessenden is, Mr. Sumner is not. The shades of light and darkness are not more opposite than the political and personal characters of the two men. Let those dine and wine the recreant Senator who will; but for us we denounce his fault as one against humanity more than party, and despise the man who, in such an hour, let legal technicalities dry up the juices of compassion and sympathy! If Mr. Sumner is to fail in support because he presents a glowing contrast to such an apostate, then will his neglect become the noblest chaplet with which his civic virtues have been crowned!"

The *Springfield Republican* says:

"The silver wedding of Hon. F. W. Bird was celebrated by his five hundred friends at his country house in East Walpole, on Friday evening, with appropriate and affectionate ceremonies. A letter of congratulation from some of his more intimate personal and political friends accompanied a magnificent service of silver, which was presented early in the evening. Among the subscribers were Lieut-Gov. Claflin, Senators Sumner and Wilson, Dr. S. G. Howe, Gen. Butler, William S. Robinson, Elizur Wright and many more representative names. Many who did not sign it would gladly have done so, had they been allowed the opportunity, for no man in the State has a greater host of sincere friends. The letter speaks aptly of those traits of mind and heart which have made "Frank Bird" the power that he is, in public and private circles; and does no more than justice, though expressed in the warmest language of friendship. The response of Mr. Bird was modest and hearty. Later in the evening, Mrs. Julia Ward Howe offered, in her own graceful way, her poetical tribute in honor of the festival, which was, in all respects, beautiful, simple and delightful. It was none the less so for the presence, along with the more distinguished and well-known persons, of throngs of plain and worthy people, neighbors and acquaintances, with whom and with whose cause—the cause of good morals, good laws, republican manners, and wise humanity—Mr. Bird and his family have been so long identified."

### *NATIONAL AFFAIRS.*

BY SALLIE HOLLEY.

THE condition in which our Nation appears to-day is a sad one to the friends of the two great causes struggling for purity and Freedom—*Temperance* and the *Rights of the Negro*. Smitten by the awful scourge of the war, we were slowly coming to the sense of justice to the Black man. Five years ago we attained the height of declaring that the National flag should no longer cover the blasphemy of selling a man like a horse—of putting out the light of his mind by forbidding him to learn to read the name of his Creator. The hearts of Northern mothers, whose sons were hunted to death by blood-hounds as they fled the loathsome horrors of Andersonville, softened to pity for the victims of slavery, hunted by blood-hounds for thirty years. That noble young patriot, Col. Shaw, reviewed with pride his black regiment on Boston Common, clad like white soldiers in the real army blue. And at last the government yielded to his other just demand—long after he hallowed the memory of Wagner—that his beloved troops should be paid soldiers' honest wages. One of them, haunted by the sufferings of his penniless wife and children and the families of his comrades, was shot dead for refusing service, by the government that so meanly withheld his due. Robert Browning thrilled a London company with the story of this black hero—at the time Fessenden was urging the Nation to the petty repudiation of six dollars a month from the pay of these black soldiers.

The sacrifice of half a million lives—some of them like Winthrop, Putnam and Lowell—of the most precious promise in the land—billions of treasure, the earnings of long years of industry, toil and thought—the murder of Abraham Lincoln—these were the lessons of conviction and power through which we learned the commandment of God, to break every yoke of oppression, to undo the heavy burdens of the feeble and the wronged, if we would prosper in peace and safety. So admonished and taught, how have we fulfilled the new born hopes of the emancipated millions? What heed has been given to the counsels and labors, the aspirations of the noblest souls God has sent to guide the land—Wendell Phillips and Charles Sumner? What answer have we made to the foremost spirits of the Old World, Garibaldi, Bright and Mazzini praying for our light to shine that it may be seen for a beacon to the whole earth? The first duty demanded of us was that Robert Small, and the men who defended the country at Wagner, Pillow and Hudson should be recognized as American citizens—that the sons of Frederick Douglass should be as free to vote in New York as those of Horatio Seymour. Here was this race so loyal in every drop of its veins, the South didn't dare trust it with muskets in her direst extremity, while it gave the Union army 200,000 men. The race had been our friend in the country of the enemy. It was map and guide to our generals, hospital and sanctuary for our escaping soldiers, the hope of the country in the South, the only safe material out of which a reconstructed South is ever to come—the great security of our future from rebellion—and yet a government SAVED by this devoted people who loved and blessed its flag like no others, proposed to have North Carolina and the rest come into the Union and not a black man's voice in the matter! Do not charge this ingratitude and gross injustice to a traitorous President and his crafty Secretary, for every Northern State, where a chance has been given to wipe out the odious laws of caste, has refused to do so, and the black defender of his country remains to-day disfranchised as before the war. Connecticut and Ohio, Kansas and Michigan, have recorded this infamous vote to their lasting shame. It is true black men at the South are looked to, to elect the next President, and their votes are courted by the candidates who have never given a pledge to their future right of suffrage after the present emergency is passed. Such flouting of the rights of black men on the part of the government, has left them at the mercy of Rebels who have murdered them, with white loyalists, by thousands, and never an assassin punished. The only notice taken of these crimes is to keep a record of them. After such a history of the years that should have yielded a golden harvest of renewed life, of strong and swift growth in right and justice—when America should have clothed herself with the beautiful garments of righteousness that would be the praise and joy of the whole earth—no wonder we failed to convict Andrew Johnson. We did not deserve a better fate. We had not earned the right to live under the government of an honest lover of Justice like Wade.

## Our Philadelphia Correspondence.

PHILADELPHIA, June 29th, 1868.

The Free Masons had a great parade here last week, in connection with the laying of the corner-stone of their new Masonic Temple, to be erected at Broad and Filbert streets in this city. The event attracted hither a vast number of people, and a great multitude assembled to witness the imposing ceremonies. These were of a character peculiar to the order, and interesting, doubtless, to those who have a fondness for such demonstrations.

The building to be constructed will be an elaborate specimen of architecture, massive, grand and magnificent. Five years is the estimated time that will be required for its erection and completion. Such a noble edifice as this promises to be cannot fail to add to the splendid and substantial adornments of our city. It is thought that it will involve an expenditure of about seven hundred thousand dollars, and in calculating the annual interest on that sum, one is apt to consider how far fifty thousand dollars will go towards benefitting the widows and orphans of the poor brethren. This, however, is not our affair.

In glancing at the ceremonies of this occasion as reported in our daily papers, one is inclined to wonder how large a measure of influence the Masonic Order exerts upon the politics of the Nation, and whether that influence is not counter to the spirit of just and liberal principles. In the record of exercises some of the prominent names are familiar as belonging to the catalogue of conspicuous copperheads that dwell in our midst. The chief Tycoon participating was Richard Vaux, an inveterate politician of that school, and the opening prayer was by Rev. John Chambers, one of the most blatant and disgusting rebel sympathizers that infested our city during the war. Does any one believe that the spirit of genuine "fraternity" and perfect "brotherhood" resides with such men as these? It is only a white "fraternity" and a white "brotherhood" that they believe in, and if those children of God who have a dark complexion were to depend upon their mercy, instead of realizing the blessings and joy of fraternity, and the beneficent fruits of brotherhood, they would be far more likely to suffer from the stings of an intolerable persecution.

Although there are black Masons, there are none among the "Masonic brethren." Beyond a white face their fraternal ardor does not extend. Masonic benevolence has no sympathy for the sorrows and affliction which a black face conceals. Masonic justice has eyes, and those eyes distinguish color, for the word 'white' appears in the Masonic "Constitution," just as it shamefully blotches that of our commonwealth.

Inasmuch as this order is based upon fraternity as one of its leading characteristics, there seems to be an evident inconsistency between this and the essential spirit of that political organization of which Vaux is one of our local lights. It is no more marvelous, however, than is the case of those who are prominent in the church, like Chambers, champions of a hated persecution and prejudice which a truly christian soul abhors, and identified with that political creed which is a standing warfare against the rights of the black man, and which clashes with the fundamental principles of christianity. Those who espouse the heresy of a "white man's government," have no right to prate about fraternity, or sing of brotherhood. Their words are a mockery.

An interesting account of the Lincoln University Commencement appears in last week's issue of the *Christian Recorder*, published in this city. This University was established for the educational benefit of colored young men, and is located at Oxford in Chester County, about fifty miles from Philadelphia. The President, Rev. Isaac N. Randall, and the various professors are all white clergymen. I wish I could say that the faculty was composed wholly or in part of colored men, but it surely will not be long before such will fill, and worthily fill, such a station in such an institution. The number of students at the last session was one hundred and fourteen, representing fifteen States.

The University has an endowment fund of about one hundred thousand dollars, with property and possessions in addition nearly equal to that sum in value. Among its trustees are Gov. Morgan of New York, Bishop Simpson and Gen. O. O. Howard.

A large number of persons were in attendance to witness the exercises of the late commencement, which are described as being full of interest, while the various orations by the students possessed a high degree of merit, reflecting great credit upon the young men and the flourishing institution. Some of their efforts are extolled in the most laudatory and praiseworthy terms, "fully up to the highest standards of college orations." That of R. B. Johns, and the valedictory by Wm. D. Johnson of Baltimore, are mentioned with especial commendation. The degree of Bachelor of Arts was conferred upon Peter P. Hedges, of Edisto, S. C., Reading B. Johns, of Baltimore, Clement Robinson of Alexandria, Va., and Mablow Van Horne, of Charleston, S. C. The honorary degree of Master of Arts was conferred upon Mr. E. D. Bassett, Principal of the colored High school of this city. His is probably the first instance in our country of the bestowal of this honor upon a colored man. All such events are tokens of a healthy and enlightened progress. They mark the dawn of a truer, broader and nobler civilization. W.

## Our Boston Correspondence.

BOSTON, June 28th, 1868.

THE tribes of Hittites and Hammerites, how severely soever served with their own sauce by Joshua and the filibusters who accompanied and succeeded him, have held their ground bravely, and at this day have more credit and renown in the world than all the descendants of the tribes that Joshua led. The art of fighting still bears sway, and its professors yet receive eminent honor among men, in spite of the doctrine of Jesus and the labors of the Peace Societies.

Bless me! How everything in this world is connected with everything else. When I wrote the date at the head of this letter, I had no idea of taking you through such a range of history, ancient and modern, but merely of recording the latest application of science to art that has passed under my eye, namely, the accurate expression, in pounds, of the force of a blow with the fist. This is shown by an ingenious machine, superintended by a one-armed soldier, beneath the shade of the Tremont street mall, and open to experiment for one cent a blow. This blow, delivered against a wash-leather cushion, looking like the end of a boxing-glove, moves an index to an extent proportioned to its force, which then keeps its place until the number is verified, when a spring sets it loose for the next trial. Rustic visitors to the city occasionally try their strength upon this machine, and generally get credit for from 300 to 450 pounds worth of strength. The highest mark yet attained is 525.

Under the broad elm-trees of this mall, every pleasant day, are collected numerous dispensers of this sort of information respecting "the house we live in." A swinging arm-chair offers itself to those who wish to be weighed, adults for two cents, children for one cent; another aparatus gives the height of the inquirer; another the amount he can lift; and another his capacity of inspiration, or, more accurately the number of inches of air which, having admitted, his lungs can expel.

There also those who wished to be tickled, or thrilled, or shocked by electricity, can have their desire. A man sits on one of the benches with a magneto-electric apparatus before him, all ready for operation. When a party of promenaders stop to look at it, he explains its purpose, and offers the two metallic handles to the grasp of any courageous inquirer—whereupon a majority of those present involuntarily put their hands behind their backs. After a while one is persuaded to try, and nervously grasps the handles. Feeling no sensation whatever, he takes courage, and rejoices that he undertook the adventure. Then the operator introduces a little bundle of metallic rods into the wire-wound cavity of the instrument, and looks at his patient. All right so far. He pushes the rods a little further in, and pauses; a little further—a little further; and the patient, who has felt at these successive stages first an indescribable something gently flowing through his arms and chest—and then, more actively, a pleasant thrilling—and then a lively snapping sensation at his wrists and elbows—perhaps here cries out "Enough;" when the discreet showman immediately withdraws the bundle of rods and stops the current. Sometimes, however, an experimenter has the courage to persevere until the increased electric flow produces violent involuntary contraction of the muscles of his hands and arms; and feels "a fearful joy" in bearing the new sensation as long as human nature will let him.

A little further, a man sits at a small table with two piles of cheap and poor colored pictures before him, engravings of battle-scenes and country-scenes, of saints and heroes, of palaces and churches, of beauties and fashions, of landscapes, sea-scapes and hair-breadth-scapes, of African belles with ear-rings and nose-rings, and of American belles with ear-rings only. These he slowly transfers from one pile to the other, until the first is exhausted, making explanatory comments to his auditors, and making shrewd conjectures as to the sort to be particularly recommended to any one of them. By the number of pictures representing Roman Catholic saints, and our Blessed Lady, I judge that he finds a particularly good sale for them.

Then various peep-shows stand ready on the same walk, in which, if the show-man's magnifying-glass is helped by a good deal of imagination, you may see all the architectural splendors of European capitals, all the great volcanoes in vivid eruption, all the historic battles of the first Napolean, with Magenta and Solferino thrown in, and the principal armed contests, naval and military, of our late rebellion. To give full assurance of the accuracy and naturalness of these delineations, one of the boxes bears this inscription—"Scenes real to the eye."

Then of course, there are plenty of refreshment stands, kept chiefly by Hibernian women no longer young, where you can get lemonade (so-called, though I fear tartaric acid is a principal ingredient in it), apples, nuts and oranges, cakes, candies and parched corn. I do not question that parched corn, simple of itself, may be a salubrious diet for those who like it; nay, the pages of history relate that it was so to the aborigines of this land, and our pilgrim fathers who shared their hospitality; but, since its facility of dispersion is inconvenient to guardians of the young children who are its chief consumers, some half-reasoning being, years ago, conceived the idea of sticking it together in balls with half-solidified molasses-candy. Why the dirty-faced urchins who consume this commodity are so particular to eat only the corn, and to leave the molasses smeared over their faces and hands, to the constant danger and alarm of those who sit or pass near them, is an inscrutable mystery. It was perhaps with the idea of diminishing this nuisance—or perhaps, (who knows), merely that a superior attraction might bring him greater profit—that one man had this inscription elevated above his stand, "Shugared Corn." I supposed, at first, that there was some accidental mistake in orthography here; but as the sign bore on its opposite side "Corn, all Shugared," I judged that the man had his own ideas about spelling as well as about corn, and knew also that this is a free country.

The inevitable cigars are usually dispensed by peripatetic venders, who accost you everywhere on the Common, sitting or walking, and even interrupt musical performances, when we have them there, with incessant cries of "Prime cigars, only five cents." We have become a cloud-blowing people, as thoroughly as the Germans or the Turks, and it is very sad to see boys of every degree of littleness vieing with their elders in the practice of this vicious indulgence. Pray heaven the girls and women may not take to that habit, for the dear creatures are so desperately bent on following "the fashion," that when anything is once begun by women of influence, however foolish, however evil, however indecent, *every* girl and women must join in it. Not measles nor scarlet fever is more contagious; and as to the proportion of harm wrought by them in the community, respectively, there is no comparison.

I dislike the use of tobacco everywhere, as much as Mr. Trask does; though I neither accept his theory of the certain deterioration of health in all cases from even its moderate use, nor the theory of the late eminent surgeon, John C. Warren, that cancer is produced by it. Much extenuation may be offered, and accepted, for the after-dinner pipe of elderly men, who have reached the point of finding their morning's work more fatiguing than formerly; but to see a *young* man with a cigar or pipe in his mouth *immediately after breakfast*, produces in my mind an impression of deep disgust, seeming to indicate unhealthiness of character, a deterioration in manners and morals already commenced.

I see that Mrs. Child has mentioned to you our "Oriental Tea Company's" establishment as one of the novelties of Boston, and it is so. The persons concerned in it had long been extensive dealers in tea and coffee, and of course knew the advantage of advertising. But it struck them one day, that to advertise themselves by eminent conspicuity would be a useful addition to even the most *displayed* advertisements in the papers. So they took a new store fronting one of the widest open spaces we have in Boston, painted the whole front a flaming red, surmounted it with the new title "Oriental Tea Company," itself suggestive of aromatic deliciousness, set a red pagoda hung with bells just inside the door, painted the walls with no end of Chinese-looking landscapes and monsters, and clothed the numerous shopmen in a peculiar costume, bearing the name of the establishment. So far, it was a goood specimen of Yankee enterprise, no more; but the next step bears the mark of genius. In one of the large windows they put a small, nicely-constructed and highly polished steam engine, always actively work-

ing, but without noise; in the other window, wheels, of course carried by the same engine, are always in brisk rotation, and you may suppose, if you will, that the three large crimson gold-edged urns which stand over this machinery are pouring steady streams of choice, hand-picked, extra-supermale berries of Java coffee into a grinding apparatus below. What *is* their purpose if not that? Well, this steam-engine and those urns so took the public eye that for weeks the sidewalk was obstructed by gazers at the windows, and the young "orientals" inside had as much they could do; and I dare say the increased custom more than pays all the extra expenses.

And now do you want to know the very latest bit of Boston news? Well, here you have it. Mr. Sam. A. Way has gilded his garden fence.

You have probably seen it mentioned that Napoleon Bonaparte, when his agents in Paris, wrote that the people of that city were discontented and threatening revolt, sent back the order, "Gild the dome of the Invalides."

I don't know that Mr. Way expects the glitter of his garden palings to dazzle people's eyes to the extent of causing them to forget his mis-doings; but this ornamentation so immediately followed an access of public indignation against him as to put the coincidence into my head.

Mr. Way is a man who, having many enemies, seems to seize with alacrity every chance of making more; and his last enterprise of this sort has been eminently successful. He is now engaged in building a stable against the side of a church, placing its door close to the church's door, stopping (as the church people allege) certain privileges or opportunities which they formerly enjoyed there, and making an undesirable atmosphere for them at all seasons, and particularly in summer. He seems disposed, like Shylock, to insist on all the jurisdiction which the law allows over his own premises, regardless of the fact that they are a stench in the nostrils of his neighbors; and he has threatened them, it is said, to locate there some nuisance yet worse than a stable, if they interfere with his proceedings. How should you like such a neighbor?

NORTH.

## *FROM WASHINGTON.*

WASHINGTON, D. C., June 27th, 1868.

*To the Editor of the Standard:*

SOME strange votes have been cast by professed Republicans the past week. Those votes were upon the River and Harbor Bill reported by Mr. Elliot of Massachusetts. Columbus Delano, a professed Republican from Ohio, moved to recommit that bill with instructions to report it back amended, so as to place about one million and eight hundred thousand dollars to the credit of the war department, to be expended on such works and in such manner as the Secretary shall deem proper. The effect of such an appropriation would be to place that sum at the disposal of the President, to be used the coming summer in the defeat of the Republican nominees, for President. Washburne of Illinois, and many other such economists, voted for that proposition. Now in the name of all that is honest, what has Andrew Johnson done that entitles him to the confidence of Republican Representatives?

The people would like to have an answer to this question. If Mr. Johnson is so trustworthy as to make such an appropriation proper, they would like much to understand why Mr. Washburne voted to impeach him? They also would like to understand how it comes about that Mr. Washburne is so much in the confidence of the President as to be able to announce a veto from him of measures before they have been considered and acted upon in either House of Congress. Mr. Washburne will do well to let the world know what new revelation has been made to Republican members that gives them confidence in the disposition of a President they recently voted to impeach to do right?

CHARLES E. MOSS.

## *"WAITING FOR THE VERDICT."*

*To the Editor of the Standard:*

MY DEAR FRIEND: When you asked me what was my estimate of "Waiting for the Verdict," I had not read the book. I have recently done so; and I wish to say that with all my heart I welcome it as a valuable aid in the great work yet to be done in this Nation, in eradicating the unchristian and unmanly prejudice against our colored fellow-citizens. The author has evidently thrown her whole heart and soul into this effort to strike an effectual blow at this system of caste; and her vivid conceptions of the worst features of slavery; its debasement of the intellectual and moral nature of its victims, are graphically portrayed. That the book is written with great power and intense earnestness, probably no reader will deny. Abolitionists, who for a third of a century were steadily gazing at this accursed system, and laboring with burning zeal for its destruction, may find nothing new to them in those pages; but other readers can scarcely fail to obtain from them a clearer view into the depths of the *inferno* of American slavery, and to be inspired with new indignation towards that prejudice against the colored man, which is so terrible an incubus on millions of immortal souls in this land.

There are passages in the book which, superficially read, or insulated from the whole, may seem to excuse or even justify the prejudice against which the whole spirit and tone of the work is directed; but a careful criticism must interpret these, not as the author's own utterances, but the thoughts of the characters depicted. The highly dramatic style which pervades the book may have led to some erroneous interpretations of such passages. The fact of this deep and widely-extended prejudice is fully acknowledged, and most truthfully and vividly portrayed; and the painful story is the outcry of an earnest soul against monstrous injustice and cruelty.

MARY GREW.

Philadelphia, June 28th, 1868.

## *PENNSYLVANIA EQUAL RIGHTS LEAGUE.*

OFFICE OF PENNA. STATE E. R. LEAGUE,
PHILADELPHIA, June 25, 1868.

*To the Colored People of Pennsylvania:*

FELLOW CITIZENS: The Annual Meeting of the Pennsylvania Equal Rights League will be held in the City of Williamsport, Pa., on Tuesday, August 11th, 1868, at 10 o'clock, a. m.

To this session the League cordially invites every lover of legal equality, every lover of complete enfranchisement, and every one who desires to see the rights of the citizen exercised equally in all the States of the Union. The League makes no discrimination. All—all are invited—in the name of the liberty we love and desire, by the hopes we cherish and by the tremendous issues which hang trembling in the balance.

Brothers of Pennsylvania, we feel it our imperative duty to put forth every effort, to rally as by one common impulse, and to speak with a decided voice, setting forth our claims to all the rights of the citizen. The victories, heroism and devotion of the brave armies of the North, while they have conquered rebellion and overthrown slavery, have not terminated the great contest between the enemies and the friends of Freedom. Vanquished on the field, the whole effort of our enemies is to pervert the legitimate result of the war which is the enfranchisement of the people of the whole country who have been deprived of nearly every right dear to freemen, by reason of slavery in the South, and through the prejudice and hatred of the people in the North. The great political parties—Republican and Democratic—are now marshaling their forces, and the campaign for political supremacy is now opening. One great party has already laid down its platform, and means to support, under the banner of Grant and Colfax, the old pernicious doctrine of *State Rights*. What the other will do, time will show. Enough is foreshadowed to make us feel that our claims are ignored, and to meet such an issue through the votes of our brothers in the South, demands at our hands the energetic support and influence of the men of Pennsylvania. We must lay down our platform and see to it, that they who can help us, at least to the extent of defeating our enemies, do it.

Come, then, all whose rights are denied! Let us, in convention, speak out to the Nation the true sentiments of outraged men, and make our appeal to the honest, faithful friends of humanity.

Pennsylvanians! remember that you have given 10,000 braves to fight the battles of the Republic against treason in the form of State Rights. Fifty thousand of our brothers sleep in death, and thousands walk about maimed and crippled in defence of our country and its flag, and still we are disfranchised.

Fellow Citizens, send from all parts of the State your men of action and your men of counsel; let us show, by the numbers that attend our deliberations, that until every man of our country, regardless of class, clime or color, is equal before the law, and alike in political rights and immunities, we will never abate one jot of ceaseless and *determined* agitation.

WM. NESBIT, President.

J. C. WHITE, JR., O. V. CATTO, Phila. } *Secretaries.*

Delegates and others, intending to be present at the meeting, are requested to forward their names to the Secretary without delay, that needful arrangements may be made for their accommodation.

The Executive Board of the League, comprised of the following gentlemen, will be in attendance at the office of J. C. White, Jr., No. 716 Lombard street, every Thursday night until August 1st; and will furnish persons desirous of attending the meeting with all needed information.

WILLIAM D. FORTEN, DAVID B. BOWSER, JOSEPH C. BUSTILL, GEORGE B. WHITE, WM. B. TURVIS, PHILLIP N. JUDAH, JAMES UNDERDUE, JOHN C. BOWERS, ROBERT M. ADGER.

## *THE LINCOLN UNIVERSITY.*

*To the Editor of the Standard:*

On Tuesday June 16th, the Lincoln University, of Oxford, Pa., held its third or fourth annual Commencement; the honorary degree of Master of Arts was conferred upon Professor E. D. Bassett, Principal of the Colored High School, City of Philadelphia. This is the first instance in which this honorary degree has been conferred upon a colored man in this country by a college board composed entirely of white men.

WM. P. POWELL.

[THE following verses, in memory of Wilson Armistead, late of Leeds, England, were written by J. A. Horner, Esq. Both these men have been active laborers in their own country, not only for the emancipation of all slaves, but also for the bestowal of the rights of man upon negroes as upon others.]

WILSON ARMISTEAD, AUTHOR OF "A TRIBUTE FOR THE NEGRO."

In distant land there came to me
The tidings of his loss,
That his great soul had passed away,
A tribute for the Cross.

And he is gone!—that faithful heart—
The firm and loyal friend!
Where shall we find another who
His work will comprehend?

To those who knew his noble worth,
His friendship and his love,
There now remains an aching void
That nothing can remove.

But the lesson of his life-time,
To other men may tell,
That they may hope to reach success
In striving to do well.

He lived not for *one* people, yet
To England he was true,
And never was he lacking when
His earnest aid was due.

And in ten thousand Negro homes
His epitaph will be;
"The friend of all the human race,
He helped to make us free."

J. A. H.

## *THE WOMAN QUESTION.*

AN ADDRESS BY MISS ANNA E. BROMALL.

[The following address was delivered before the graduates of the Bristol (Pa.) Boarding School for girls, at the Commencement on the 18th ult. Miss Bromall graduated from this excellent school two years ago. She is a daughter of the Hon. John M. Bromall of Pa., and is now a student of medicine in the Woman's Medical College of Philadelphia. ED.]

Two years have passed and the second June finds us again among many familiar and endeared faces. The words of the venerable gentleman, who then addressed us, are just as replete with approbation and encouragement. The faces of the aged, if changed at all, are brighter and serener in the light of the setting sun as together they journey to the Everlasting Portals. Kind and approving looks of teachers greet us as of old. We grasp the hand of good feeling with the alumni as we meet to gather fresh inspiration for future labors. Friends are as liberal with encouraging and sympathising words as heretofore. All these woo us to linger, but we feel that we address those especially who this day are so particularly honored.

Graduating Class of 1868! With your feet on the first rounds of life's ladder, pause! Linger for a time, that you may be satisfied your footing be firm, and that you may drink inspiration from the record of those who have "attained the turrets above."

You must see with joy that progress has opened many new paths to you; your pulse must throb in a quickened measure with admiration for the brave of your sex, who have battled against and conquered apparently insuperable obstacles. No true hearts anxious for the right can think the "Woman Question" a hackneyed, thread-bare subject; only the narrow-souled turn with weariness from contemplating the struggles of minds laboring under the burdens of servitude.

The degraded condition of woman in the very early ages offered strong opposition to their development; yet we read of rich and magnificent fabrics wrought by the skill of the fair Egyptians; and in Greece, on the first page of art's history, appears the name of Callirhoe to whom credit is given for the first portrait in relief.

There is said to be a painting, still preserved at Naples, executed by Laya, a Roman maiden who lived a hundred years before Christ. During the establishment of Christianity there is little mention of women. In the fifteenth century the death of chivalry, aptly termed poetical lie, seems for a short time to have dampened female talent; but after that, history is adorned by such names as Margaretta Von Eyck, the saint of Bologna, Caterina Vigri and the warrior maiden Onorata Rodiana.

In the sixteenth century appear the names of Properzia Di Rossi the first woman that gained reputation in sculpture, the painter Sofoinsba Anginscrola and Caterina De Pazzi canonized by Clement IX.

A fresh energy arose in the seventeenth century supported by Elisabetta Sirani, Lavinia Fontana, Anna Maria Schurmann called by the Dutch their Sappho and Anna Wasser. The next century claims Angelica Kaufman, whose works may still be found in Vienna, London, Florence, Rome and Paris; Anna Seymour Damer, on whose reputation Hume's sarcasm fell pointless, Adelaide Vincent, Elizabeth le Brun and Felicie De Fauveau.

A bright star in our own firmanent is Rosa Bonheur whose enviable reputation has been acquired by close application and untiring industry; a reputation that the pusillanimity of the French Emperor failed so long to tarnish by refusing, because she was a woman, to grant her the Cross of the Legion of Honor to which her famous picture "The Horse Fair" entitled her. Cotemporary with her is our American sculptor, Harriet Hosmer, whose ability St. Louis had occasion so lately to appreciate.

The department of Philology is represented by Elena Cornaro, professor of six languages in the University of Padua and Clotilda Tambroni the first Greek scholar of southern Europe. It is declared by high authority that all modern Philology is founded on the translation of a Russian vocabulary into two hundred dialects by Catharine II, who was reproached when a girl for learning so much more rapidly than her brother. Madame Dacier, noted for her translation of Callimachus, learned Greek by remaining in the room where her father was teaching a stupid brother.

Astronomy is proud of the names of Caroline Herschel, Mrs. Somerville and Miss Mitchell. "Men have not grudged to women" says a modern writer, "the wreaths of literary fame;" hence the annals of literature are filled with females in every age and every country. It would be an endless work to mention the names from Sappho down to our own strong corps of literati.

In the science of medicine, that divine art, are found many ignorant and prejudiced minds; but these one by one will fall into the grave or into that oblivion where the names of La Chapelle, Boivin, Blackwell and Garrett have driven them.

Early in the ages we read of the learned and famous Novella, daughter of a professor of law at Bologna, who devoted herself to the same studies and conducted her father's cases with honor and renown. If eager feet had followed her, that infamous law of Blackstone would never have been made, namely—"that the very being and existence of the woman is suspended during marriage;" nor that still more disgraceful one of Bacon's, that "the husband hath by law, power and dominion over his wife, and may keep her by force within the bounds of duty, and may beat her but not in a violent or cruel manner." News reaches us from England that women are entering the law schools, and we feel confident that they will expunge what humanity has failed to efface.

Many women fill the different avenues of trade with a success of which we are all fully aware. We read lately that the office of assessor of one of our Western towns is filled by a woman, with credit to herself and satisfaction to those she serves. The conservatives, that have raised their hands in holy horror at the bare mention of women mounting the rostrum, have been convinced and converted by the eloquence of Anna Dickinson, and Lucy Stone.

To prove that women are not deficient in physical strength we are told there are many women workers in the English collieries, displaying endurance and muscular force sufficient for that very arduous labor. Schools have been and we hope ere long colleges, more generally, will be opened to female teachers and professors. It is reported of late that half the women teachers in the public schools of Philadelphia are incapable of their posts; if this be true, while we censure them for their want of qualification, we cannot but exonerate them in a measure when we recall the mere pittance they receive. Many young girls look forward to teaching as a means of support, but the wages do not justify any necessary extra expense of education. The remedy is suggested by the evil i. e. to raise the salaries to at least, equal those of male teachers; then the inducement will be sufficient to fill the positions with the ability of the city.

In all success, energy and talent must go hand in hand. The sesame of learning and science is not the gentle tap of delicately gloved fingers, but rather the earnest rap of a hand, steady in the consciousness of a well-earned right for admittance. Women have been charged with being too easily discouraged by obstacles; in some instances we admit it to be true, but we think the assertion is founded upon exceptional cases rather than the whole sex, and we would delicately remind the brotherhood that this failing is not confined to women.

The Lucretias that would give life to Republic Romes must be ready to meet death. Hypatias must have erudition and sound sense. Joans of Arc must have indomitable courage and perseverance. Lady Guyons must have both knowledge and eloquence to enlist Fenelons in their ranks. Elizabeth Frys, Grace Darlings and Florence Nightingales must have great sympathy and love for their fellow creatures, with the unflinching zeal of the philanthropist. Madame Rolands, that would fill Robespierres with terror, must have virtue and intelligence. Madame de Staels must have genius to add power to the faculties of Tallyrands, and to make the heart of Napoleons quail with fear. Energy is a noble quality, but without the golden key of knowledge few portals of success are opened. Mrs. Patton would have failed in navigating her husband's vessel from Cape Horn to California, if she had not been taught to use her Bowditch. Florence Nightingale did not go to the Crimea with only a heart overflowing with sympathy; but in the previous ten years she had visited all the hospitals of London, Edinburgh, Dublin, Paris, Lyons, Rome, Brussels and Berlin, until it was said she knew her profession better than the men around her. Both Elizabeth Barrett Browning and Harriet Hosmer consider their masculine range of study as the basis of their success.

We cannot dwell with too much force upon the importance of being thoroughly equipped for the battle. If woman but arms herself with a sound and obstruse education, she holds a passport that will be recognized and accepted in every department of literature, art or science.

If so much has been attained by woman, subjected to a degrading, slavish dependence, what may we not anticipate when all impediments and restrictions are cast asunder by the law that makes her a citizen? We do not cite examples of competency, the question of suffrage is one of right not capability, nor do we offer as an inducement the improvement of men; we have no idea of seeing women oppressed and derided, and then in a spirit of meek humility carry their oppressors to Heaven. All minor questions are merged into the vital one: Has America a right to withhold suffrage from any of her children of full age and sound mind? With regard to political life alienating women from domestic life we have but a word; in the private lives of both men and women there are ties of affection and duty, so sacred that on them we would think it sacrilege so much as to lay a finger; but these are as free from contact with political life as the coral groves in the depths of the ocean are undisturbed by the storms that ruffle its bosom. We would fain believe that justice would assert her prerogative, but past experience warns us differently; we feel convinced that women will obtain the ballot only by laying their hands on it and declaring to the world this is their right.

Our hearts are cheered by news from across the waters. England has thrown off her lethargy; a petition in favor of woman suffrage has received 21,757 signatures with those of Mrs. Somerville and Florence Nightingale at the head. A bill has been presented to the House of Commons by Shaw Lefevre, Russell Gurney and John Stuart Mill, a name synonomous with all that is great and noble. The bill is an amendment of the law regarding the property of married women; it provides that she shall retain her real and personal estate free from debts, obligations and control of her husband, that her earnings are to be deemed her personal property, and at her death her husband to receive the same share of her estate as she would be entitled to at his death.

The way brightens; but more energy and spirit is wanted. Parents should be aroused; Niebuhr, says his historian, considered the training of his son the most imperative duty of his life; but how many fathers consider the education of their daughters any more commanding a duty than that of eating dinner? We would be sorry to speak slightingly of duty to parents, but did it never occur to you that this duty is often too exacting? With a little sacrifice of the ease and comfort of parents, fewer young lives, with their earnest hopes and noble intentions, would be warped and blighted. But the great work rests upon women themselves, and it is to this fact I want earnestly to call the attention of the graduates of 1867-8.

The eyes of the world rest with anxiety upon the women of the nineteenth century; upon them rests the degradation or elevation of future generations. Will they prove unworthy the trust? Will they tremble and fall where a loving Father intended they should walk firmly? The answer comes full and strong from hearts earnest in the right. Then to the work; let them seek every available opportunity for improvement, let them open their hearts to all reforms. Let those accepting public duties not be discouraged by obstacles; but bidding defiance to social disapprobation, with firm steps and a true heart, walk straight to the goal.

"Then onward to the battle rush,
And, while in God you put your trust,
Remember she who would be free
Herself must earn her liberty."

In the partial freedom of woman we desire to return thanks that her shackles are loosened, not by the magnanimity of man, but by her own indomitable strength. We take a fuller breath and fresher inspiration in the conviction that she is not a released prisoner.

To find the root of the self-asserted supremacy of man let us go back to Mythology. It is related that Cecrops, in building Athens, saw starting from the earth an olive plant and a fountain; which was interpreted by the Delphic oracle to mean a contest between Minerva and Neptune for the honor of naming the city, and that the people should decide between them. Cecrops assembled the men and women, and the result was Minerva carried the majority. Neptune and the men, smarting under defeat, then and there determined that henceforth women should not vote. In the sixteenth century Francoise de Sainbouges, for proposing to establish a girl's school, was hooted in the streets, and four learned doctors called to decide if she were not possessed of the devil. It is only about forty years ago that girls were admitted upon the same footing as boys in the Boston Common Schools.

Men, to prop up their self-asserted supremacy, advanced the idea, ridiculous in the extreme, that they were preserving the delicacy and domesticity of women. If it were so, what did Froissart mean when he stated "the Salique law was made because the kingdom of France was too noble to be ruled by a woman?" Why did Theophilus Parsons assert in Massachusetts that "Women, whatsoever age they may be of, are not considered as having a sufficient acquired discretion to exercise the franchise?" If women were to have no intercourse with the world, and no desire above that of pleasing their would-be lords, it were waste breath in Voltaire to say "Ideas are like beards, women and young men have none."

Ah! through the sugar-coat the pill is detected, very pleasant on the outside to be sure, but happily there is a sensation of taste before the act of deglutition. Through the gloss of chivalry we detect the selfishness and jealousy of man's heart; a jealousy so little that it fears to put its assertion of woman's weakness to the test, and thus by direct experiment end the contest. They are fearful that they would rather unceremoniously lose that delicate morsel of flattery, namely: that women were made solely to amuse and play the fool for a sex self-denominated noble and called for short—men.

Buffon says "the world is growing feminine," and whether the naturalist meant it or not, we take it as a compliment associating woman with all that is progressive and refining. The elements that will advance the cause have been aroused, and rest satisfied they will never slumber again until the great work is accomplished. The forces are marshaled, the leaders are equipped, the contest is raging and victory is at hand. While through the air, purified from all prejudices and petty jealousies, is heard the music of myriad voices singing with the poet—

Standing on what too long we bore
With shoulders bent and downcast eyes,
We may discern—unseen before—
A path to higher destinies.

Nor deem the irrevocable Past,
As wholly wasted, wholly vain,
If rising on the wrecks, at last
To something nobler we attain.

## *LITERARY.*

*Our Young Folks* for July contains, "A story of the Sea," by Mary Mather; "About Elizabeth Eliza's Piano," by Lucretia P. Hale; "William Henry's Letter to his Grandmother," Part VI., by Mrs. A. M. Diaz; "Among the Cages in the Central Park," by Charles Dawson Shanley; "Cast-Away in the Cold, Part XI.," by Dr. I. I. Hayes; "Out in the Shower," by Mary N. Prescott; "Shoals and Quicksands," by Helen C. Weeks; "A Bird's Nest," by Florence Perry; "Lessons in Magic," Part XI., by ~~P. H. C.~~; "Tiny Davy," by Mary N. Prescott; "About Me and My Travels," by Mrs Edward A. Walker; "The Rivulet," by Lucy Larcom; with music, charades, puzzles, the letter-box, etc. We print below the entertaining poem contributed by J. T. Trowbridge, entitled "Strawberries:"

LITTLE Pearl Honeydew, six years old,
From her bright ear parted the curls of gold,
And laid her head on the strawberry bed,
To hear what the red-cheeked berries said.

Their cheeks were blushing, their breath was sweet,
She could almost hear their little hearts beat;
And the tiniest lisping, whispering sound
That ever you heard came up from the ground.

"Little friends," she said, "I wish I knew
How it is you thrive on sun and dew!"
And this is the story the berries told
To little Pearl Honeydew, six years old.

"You wish you knew and so do we!
But we can't tell you, unless it be
That the same kind Power that cares for you
Takes care of poor little berries too.

"Tucked up snugly, and nestled below
Our coverlid of wind-woven snow,
We peep and listen, all Winter long,
For the first Spring day and the bluebird's song.

"When the swallows fly home to the old brown shed,
And the robins build on the bough overhead,
Then out from the mould, from the darkness and cold,
Blossom and runner and leaf unfold.

"Good children then, if they come near,
And hearken a good long while, may hear
A wonderful tramping of little feet—
So fast we grow in the Summer heat.

"Our clocks are the flowers; and they count the hours
Till we can mellow in suns and showers,
With warmth of the west wind and heat of the south,
A ripe red berry for a ripe red mouth.

"Apple blooms whiten, and peach blooms fall,
And garlands are gay by the garden wall,
Ere the rose's dial gives the sign
That we can invite little Pearl to dine.

"The days are longest, the month is June,
The year is nearing its golden noon,
The weather is fine, and our feast is spread
With a green cloth and berries red.

"Just take us betwixt your finger and thumb—
And quick, O quick! for, see! there come
Tom on all-fours, and Martin the man,
And Margaret, picking as fast as they can!

"O dear! if you only knew how it shocks
Nice berries like us to be sold by the box,
And eaten by strangers, and paid for with pelf,
You would surely take pity, and eat us yourself!"

And this is the story the small lips told
To dear Pearl Honeydew, six years old,
When she laid her head on the strawberry bed
To hear what the red-cheeked berries said.

Ticknor & Fields, Boston, Publishers.

The *Atlantic* for July presents its usual variety in prose and verse. Mr. Shanley gives the reader a glimpse into the scenes "Along the Hudson River" at New-York. Mr. Whipple contributes "Minor Elizabethan Poets." "Some Coral Islands and Islanders" is an interesting article, and Mrs. C. A. Hopkinson's suggestions concerning the relief of the "Poor in Our Cities" is well worth perusal. "The Great Erie Imbroglio" is written by Mr. James K. Medberry, and "Tonellis's Marriage," a pleasant sketch of Venetian life, by Mr. W. D. Howells. Among the other contributions we notice "The Dole of Jarl Thorkell," a Scandinavian ballad, by Whittier.

*The Galaxy*, now published by Messrs Shelden &Co. of this city, distances its rivals among the illustrated monthlies in the superior quality of its engravings. As we have before stated the publishers have secured in that department the very valuable services of the distinguished English artist, now a resident of this city, Mr. WILLIAM J. LINTON.

On the subject of Wood Engraving we clip from the *Galaxy* the following:

"Wood engraving has reached, within the last twenty years, a pitch of excellence which may justly be regarded as its perfection. There is hardly any pictorial effect expressible in black and white that cannot be expressed forcibly by the block, which in some respects is even superior to the metal plate, and in most to the stone. And, if we are to believe some of the British art critics, there is one fact which is an unpleasant and unmistakable sign that wood-engraving has attained the utmost limit of its capacity of improvement—it has (so these critics say)—begun to decline. We are actually told by the critic of so able a journal as the London "Pall Mall *Gazette*" that there is left only one first-rate English engraver on wood—Mr. Linton. The "*Gazette*" says of him that he is the only man outside of France and Germany "who works upon that most capable and wofully-abused material with the eye, the hand, the conscience, and the insight of a born artist." It is admitted by the critic that there are yet extant several wood engravers of remarkable talent who deserve to be called artists, too; "but" the critic concludes, "none of these succeed in giving to the wood-block more than was placed upon it by the draughtsman." In a word, Mr. Linton engraves not only with delicacy and force and finish, but with feeling, and gives color (in effect) as well as form by his graver. Remarkable examples of the effects of this kind that are within the capacity of the wood-engraver, are to be found throughout that finest exhibition of the powers of Gustave Doré, the "Contes Drolatiques." But, although we are not inclined to the British critic's opinion in regard to the decadence of the art of wood engraving—which, indeed, we hope to show the readers of *The Galaxy* is in its fulness of vigor—we do agree with him most heartily in regard to Mr. Linton's eminence in his profession; and it is, therefore, as it may please our readers to know, that we have placed this department of *The Galaxy* entirely under his direction."

RECEIVED.

HAPPY HOURS; A Collection of Songs for Schools, Academies and the Home Circle. By Howard Kingsbury and Alfred A. Graley. Published by Taintor Brothers, 678 Broadway, New York.

LITTLE HARRY'S WISH; or, PLAYING SOLDIER. Pine Cottage Stories. By Mrs. H. N. Greene. Hopedale *Age* Office, Mass.

THE LITTLE ANGEL, a Temperance Story for Children. By Mrs. H. N. Greene. Hopedale *Age* Office, Mass.

FOOTPRINTS OF LIFE: or FAITH AND NATURE RECONCILED. By PHILIP HARVEY, M.D. Cloth, 140 pp. New York: S. R. Wells, Publisher.

FROM THE OAK TO THE OLIVE. A plain record of a pleasant journey. By Julia Ward Howe. 304 pages. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

UPSIDE DOWN; or WILL and WORK. By Rosa Abbott. 252 pages. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

THE CRUISE OF THE DASHAWAY; or KATE PUTMAN'S VOYAGE. By May Mannering. 221 pages, Boston; Lee & Shepard.

DOTTY DIMPLE AT HOME. By Sophie May. 171 pp. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

FARM TALK: A series of articles in the colloquial style, illustrating various farm topics. By George E. Brackett. 130 pp. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

ON NURSES AND NURSING. By Dr. H. R. Storer. 80 pp. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

*The Radical* for July. S. H. Morse and J. B. Marvin, Editors. Boston: Adams & Co.

*Littell's Living Age.* Boston: Littell & Gay.

*Our Schoolday Visitor* for July. Philadelphia: J. W. Daughaday & Co.

*Merry's Museum* for June and July. Boston: H. B. Fuller.

*The Children's Friend.* An Illustrated Monthly Magazine. E. H. Smedley, Editor, West Chester, Pa.

*The Herald of Health* for July. New York: Miller, Wood & Co.

## *OBITUARY.*

DIED at his home in Ercildoun, on the 11th of May, James Fulton in the 89th year of his age. During the whole of his long life, it may be said of him more truly than of most men, that he found his highest happiness in doing good to others. No one was ever more truly the "friend of the friendless" than he. The poor fugitive from the Southern prison-house of bondage, never asked his assistance in vain.

All the great reforms of the age found in him a warm and zealous helper. Benjamin Lundy and William Lloyd Garrison, received his prompt and hearty support in their very earliest efforts against slavery.

His political creed was exact and equal justice to all persons, without regard to sex, color or nationality. He was no time-server or mere follower after public opinion. His first and highest aim in life was to be right rather than popular. Humanity to him was "more than constitutions," above all Church formulas. He believed in the "divine right" of private judgment, and standing sublimely above the Church, above the State, he bore faithful testimony against those great national sins, Slavery and Intemperance, when both Church and State were alike dead to them. His religion was no mere Sunday affair, but exhibited in his every day good works, and in his reverential regard for humanity. He labored not for praise or fame, not that in the far and unknown future he might win a useless and selfish immortality of blissful existence; but he did simply for the love of man those good deeds which are necessarily immortal in their influence and power over human nature.

One characteristic circumstance of his life deserves special mention. When more than seventy years of age, he abandoned the use of tobacco. This he did, not on account of its unspeakable power to defile human nature, but that he might demonstrate to our young men, who suppose themselves irredeemably enslaved by that "vilest of narcotics," that reform is always within their power. Calmly and peacefully in the fullness of years he has passed away. To each and every one of us, still in life, it remains a duty to see that his noble, unobtrusive, unostentatious example as a "doer of good," fail not of its just appreciation.

J. WILLIAMS THORNE.

## *Special Notices.*

SPECIAL NOTICE.—The Executive Committee of the FREE RELIGIOUS ASSOCIATION wish to raise $5000 for the work of the Association the present year.

The SPECIAL object for which they desire this money is to establish in some central place in Boston a FREE READING ROOM, religious and literary in its character; a Reading Room which shall be FREE in every respect, ESPECIALLY IN THE FACT OF BEING KEPT OPEN ON SUNDAYS, which shall furnish also a place for the headquarters of the Association and be a convenient resort for social and business conference among persons interested in the general principles and objects of the Association. Donations are solicited from friends in Boston and elsewhere; and RICHARD P. HALLOWELL, 98 Federal stseet, Boston, Treasurer of the Association, will receive such contributions.

7 4t WILLIAM J. POTTER, Secretary.

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WILLIAM P. TOMLINSON.

LOUIS NAPOLEON, hitherto the carrier of our paper this city, will act as our Agent, and receive subscriptions and advertisements on account of THE STANDARD.

*NOTICE TO CITY SUBSCRIBERS.*

THE STANDARD will hereafter be delivered to our subscribers in this city by the carriers of the Post office Department. Should any irregularity occur in its delivery from imperfect addresses, or from any other cause, we hope to be promptly advised. To provide for the necessary prepayment of postage the subscription price will, from this date, be three dollars and fifty cents a year to subscribers within the city limits.

THE ANTI-SLAVERY OFFICE on Fifth street is closed. Persons who have business with the State Society, who wish to pay their subscription for THE STANDARD, or who wish to subscribe for the paper, will please call on the undersigned, who has consented to act as General Agent for a time. E. M. DAVIS.
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THE STANDARD IN NEW ORLEANS.—THE STANDARD may now be obtained regularly each week in New Orleans of A. SIMON, Esq., No. 85 Barome street.

MR. RICHARD MASON, of Baltimore, Md., will hereafter act as Agent for THE STANDARD in that city. His address is No. 27 West Fayette street.


## Advertisements.

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# Miscellaneous Department.

## THE VALUE OF THE DAYS.

Hold not, I pray, thy days on earth so cheap,
Because so simply and so silently,
So all unknown they glide. Dost thou thyself
Know them? O learn to know them, and thy heart
And mind shall feel—their glowing life within.
Thou dwellest on the ground of the old world,
By the old loom thou sittest even now,
And holdest the full shuttle in thy hand;
The distant mountains send thee down the rills,
The river, that makes green thy meadow-land:
The unseen oceans welter to and fro
And send thee up the clouds, that visibly
Feed now thy little pears upon the trees,
The very colewort in thy garden-ground;
The winds from their far birthplace sweep along
Across a hundred vales and lift and bow
Thy billowy harvest! Suns, moons, come to thee
From far, far deeps full of primeval bliss,
So near to thee, even through thy window-panes,
And darkly shadow out upon the floor
And wall thyself, thy children's little heads,
The heads of flowers, in lovely images;
Thou livest alive with live ones, who are thine,
Here in this seemingly forgotten vale,
And far back in the depths of space meanwhile—
Stars are extinguished, arches crumble in,
And through new seas, new constellations, full
Of joyous life, glide by as tranquilly
As fishes in the old meadows swim the ponds!
My heart *so* small and insignificant
Thy days are, that thou should'st with solemn joy
Give thanks for each of them on bended knees,
Yet teachest thou meanwhile thy little ones,
Providest for thy house, thinkest pure thoughts
And lovest strangers, giving this one drink
And guiding that one who has lost his way,
Then have thy days been even divinely spent.

*From the German of Leopold Schefer.*

## "FROM THE OAK TO THE OLIVE."

RADICAL THOUGHTS ON PHILOSOPHY, ART, AND THEOLOGY.

[FIRST ARTICLE.]

Mrs. Julia Ward Howe has at last issued her record of European travel, which was announced some time ago. It is entitled "From the Oak to the Olive." (Lee & Shepard, Boston, publishers). It is a pleasant account of life in London, France, Italy and Greece, interspersed with radical criticisms on religion, society and art, which indicate the gentle and generous culture of the distinguished author. Mrs. Howe, as will be remembered, accompanied her husband, Dr. Howe, in his late visit to Greece, and aided him in the distribution of the American bounties to the refugees of Crete. Her book is interesting from beginning to end, admirably written and running over with beauties of style and thought; a work of decided rhetorical skill and doing honor to American scholarship—using this much-abused word in its truest sense. It is better than her "Trip to Cuba," which established her reputation as a prose writer of the highest class.

We propose to make such brief extracts only as shall indicate the leading characteristics of the book with respect to its Thought.

Of its critical passages, we know no better specimen than her account of the present condition of philosophy in England:

MODERN ENGLISH PHILOSOPHY.

In philosophy, England at the present day does not seem to go beyond Mill on the one hand, and Stewart on the other. The word "science" is still used, as it was ten years ago with us, to express the rules and observances of physical and mathematical study. Science, as the mother of the rules of thought, generating logic, building metaphysics, and devising the rules of coherence by which human cogitation is at once promoted and measured—this conception of science I did not recognize in those with whom I spoke, unless I except Rev. H. Martineau, with whom I had only general conversation, but whose intellectual position is at once without the walls of form, and within the sanctuary of freedom. I was referred to Jowett and his friends as the authorities under this head, but this was not the moment in which to find them. In religion, Miss Cobbe leads the van, her partial method assuming as an original conception what the Germans have done, and much better done, before her. Theodore Parker is, I gather, her great man; and in her case, as in his, largeness of nature, force and geniality of temperament, take the place of scientific construction and responsible labor. Mr. Martineau's position is well known, and is for us New Englanders beyond controversy. The broad church is best known to us by Kingsley and Maurice. To those who still stand within the limits of an absolute authority in spiritual matters, its achievements may appear worthy of surprise and of gratulation. To those who have passed that barrier they present no intellectual feature worth remarking.

I well remember to-day my childish astonishment when I first learned that I and my fellows were outside the earth's crust, not within it. In connection with this came also the fact of a mysterious force binding us to the surface of the planet, so that, in its voyages and revolutions, it can lose nothing of its own.

Something akin to this may be the discovery of believers that they and those whom they follow are, so far as concerns actual opportunity of knowledge, on the outside of the world of ideal truth. Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor heart conceived, any absolute form of its manifestation. A divine, mysterious force binds us to our place on its smiling borders. Of what lies beyond we construe as we can—Moses according to his ability, Christ and Paul according to theirs. Unseen and unmanifested it must ever remain; for though men say that God has done so and so, God has never said so. Of this we become sure: religion spiritualizes, inspires, and consoles us. The strait gate and narrow path are blessed for all who find them, and are the same for all who seek them. But this oneness of morals is learned experimentally; it cannot be taught dogmatically.

Her criticisms of modern art—nay, of art itself—are equally emphatic and radical. Her judgment on the office of Art will provoke even greater hostility than her theological and philosophical tenets; for whereas a thousand pens have spurted defiance against the idol of orthodoxy, very few authors of eminence have ever dared to disparage the audacious claims that have been made, from time immemorial, for Art as a beneficent power in society.

But Mrs. Howe has ventured to throw down the gauntlet in this fearless fashion:

ON THE OFFICE OF ART.

The office of art is always as precious as its true ministers are rare. But the relative importance of sculptural and pictorial art is not to-day what it was in days of less thought, of smaller culture. Every one who likes the Bible to-day, likes it best without illustrations. Were Christ here to speak anew, he would speak without parables. In ruder times, heavenly fancies could only be illustrated on the one hand, received on the other, through the mediation of a personal embodiment. Only through human sympathy was the assent to divine truth obtained. The necessity which added a feminine personality to the worship of Christ, and completed the divided Godhead by making it female as well as male, was a philosophical one, but not recognized as such. The device of the Virgin was its practical result, counterbalancing the partiality of the one-sided personal *cultе* of the Saviour. Modern religious thought gets far beyond this, makes in spiritual things no distinction of male and female, and does not apply sex to the Divine, save in the most vague and poetic sense. The inner convictions of heart and conscience may now be spoken in plain prose, or sung in ringing verse. The *vates*, prophet or reformer, may proclaim his system and publish his belief; and his audience will best apprehend it in its simplest and most direct form. The wide spaces of the new continent allow room for the most precious practical experimentation; and speculative and theoretical liberty keep pace with liberty of action. The only absolute restraint, the best one, is a moral one. "Thou shalt not" applies only to what is intrinsically inhuman and profane. And now, there is no need to puzzle simple souls with a marble gospel. Faith needs not to digest whole side-walls of saints and madonnas, who once stood for something, no one now knows what. The Italian school was to art what the Greek school was to literature—an original creation and beginning. But life has surpassed Plato and Aristotle. We are forced to piece their short experiences, and to say to both, "You are matchless, but insufficient." And so, though Raphael's art remains immortal and unsurpassed, we are forced to say of his thought, "It is too small." No one can settle, govern, or moralize a country by it. It will not even suffice to reform Italy. The golden transfigurations hang quiet on the walls, and let pope and cardinal do their worst. We want a world peopled with faithful and intelligent men and women. The Prometheus of the present day is needed rather to animate statues than to make them.

ROMAN SOCIETY AND ROMAN CATHOLICISM.

With feelings much mingled, I approach, for the third time, the city of Rome. I pause to collect the experience of sixteen years, the period intervening between my second visit and the present. I left Rome, after those days, with entire determination, but with infinite reluctance. America seemed the place of exile, Rome the home of sympathy and comfort. To console myself for the termination of my travels, I undertook a mental pilgrimage, which unfolded to me something of the spirit of that older world, of which I had found the form so congenial. To the course of private experience were added great public lessons. Among these I may name the sublime failure of John Brown, the sorrow and success of the late war. And now I must confess that, after so many intense and vivid pages of life, this visit to Rome, once a theme of fervent and solemn desire, becomes a mere page of embellishment in a serious and instructive volume. So, while my countrymen and women, and the Roman world in general, hang intent upon the pages of the picture-book, let me resume my graver argument, and ask and answer such questions of the present as may seem useful and not ungenial.

The Roman problem has for the American thinker two clauses: first, that of state and society; secondly, that of his personal relation to the same. Arriving here, and becoming in some degree acquainted with things as they are, he asks, first, What is the theory of this society, and how long will it continue? secondly, What do my countrymen who consent to pass their lives here gain? what do they give up? I cannot answer either of these questions exhaustively. The first would lead me far into social theorizing; the second into some ungracious criticism. So a word, a friendly one must stand for good intentions where wisdom is at fault.

The theory of this society in policy and religion is that of a symbolism whose remote significance has long been lost sight of and forgotten. Here the rulers, whose derived power should represent the *consensus* of the people, affect to be greater than those who constitute them, and the petty statue, raised by the great artist for the convenience and instruction of the crowd, spurns at the solid basis of the heaven-born planet, without which it could not stand. Rank here is not a mere convenience and classification for the encouragement of virtue and promotion of order. Rank here takes the place of virtue, and repression, its tool, takes the place of order. A paralysis of thought characterizes the whole community, for thought deprived of its legitimate results is like the human race debarred from its productive functions—it becomes effete, and soon extinct.

Abject poverty and rudeness characterize the the lower class (*basso ceto*), bad taste and want of education the middle, utter arrogance and superficiality the upper class. The distinctions between one set of human beings and another are held to be absolute, and the inferiority of opportunity, carefully preserved and exaggerated, is regarded as intrinsic, not accidental. Vain is it to plead the democratic allowances of the Catholic church. The equality of man before God is here purely abstract and disembodied. The name of God, on the contrary, is invoked to authorize the most flagrant inequalization that ignorance can prepare and institutions uphold. The finest churches, the fairest galleries, you will say, are open to the poorest as to the richest. This is true. But the man's mind is the castle and edifice of his life. Look at these rough and ragged people, unwashed, uncombed, untaught. See how little sensible they are of the decencies and amenities of life. Search their faces for an intelligent smile, a glance that recognizes beauty or fitness in any of the stately circumstances that surround them. They are kept like human cattle, and have been so kept for centuries. And their dominants suppose themselves to be of one sort, and these of another. But give us absolutism, and take away education, even in rich and roomy America, and what shall we have? The cruel and arrogant slaveholder, the vulgar and miserable poor white, the wronged and degraded negro. The three clases of men exist in all constituted society. Absolutism allows them to exist only in this false form.

This race is not a poor, but a robust and kindly one. Inclining more to artistic illustration than to abstract thought, its gifts, in the hierarchy of the nations, are eminent and precious. Like the modern Greek, the modern Celt, and the modern negro, the Italian peasant asks a century or two of education towards modern ideas. And all that can be said of his want of comprehension only makes it the more evident that the sooner we begin, the better.

---

Eating when Exhausted.—When the strength of nerve power is already worn out, or used up, the digestion of food only makes a fresh demand upon it, and if it be unable to meet the demand, the food is only a burden upon it, producing mischief. Our bodies have been compared to steam engines, the food being the fuel and the steam produced the nerve power. The analogy holds good to a certain extent. If, when the steam is low, because the fire is low, you pile in too fast a quantity of coal, you put out your fire, and if you have depended upon steam power to fan your fires, that is also extinguished.

Beyond this the comparison fails. You may clean out your furnaces and begin again, but in the body the consequences of this overloading are dangerous, and sometimes fatal. No cause of cholera is more common than eating freely when exhausted.

The rule should be to rest for a time, and take some simple refreshment, a cup or part of a cup of tea, a little broth, or even a piece of bread, anything simple and in small amount, just to stimulate the stomach slightly, and begin to restore its power. After rest, a moderate quantity will be refreshing.

Never eat a full meal when you are exhausted. Take first a small quantity of anything simple which may be handy, and rest. Then, after a time, proper food will be a blessing, not a burden. The fires will burn, the steam will be up, and you can go on your way safely.

It is not amiss in this connection to say that children would avoid many a feverish night, and many an attack of disease, if mothers would follow this rule.

## GAY LITTLE DANDELION.

Gay little Dandelion
Lights up the meads,
Swings on her slender foot,
Telleth her beads,
Lists to the robin's note
Poured from above;
Wise little Dandelion
Asks not for love.

Pale little Dandelion
In her white shroud,
Heareth the angel breeze
Call from the cloud.
Tiny plumes fluttering
Make no delay;
Little winged Dandelion
Soareth away.

## *GARIBALDI—THEATRICALS.*

On Tuesday last I breakfasted at the Hotel de Russie, Rue Drouot, with Riciotti Garibaldi, who was passing through Paris from Caprera on the way to London with Mrs. Colonel Chambers, an old friend of his father's, and one of the most efficient supporters in England of the Italian cause, and who nursed Riciotti when he was a baby. He is now a remarkably fine young man of twenty-one. He strikes me as very like his father, although he does not think so himself, and says he more resembles his mother—who was a Paraguayan. He has a fine forehead and a face full of power with that sweet smile which is noticed by all who were ever fortunate enough to have an interview with the illustrious Cincinnatus of Caprera. Riciotti is built on a very large scale, has tremendously broad chest and shoulders, and a great frame generally. There is a certain amount of superfluous flesh in his cheeks, indicative, perhaps, of undesirable obesity within a few years. But at present he is extremely strong and active. His large hands and big fingers are those of a ploughman, and indeed his father, who hates effeminacy, has trained his children to ploughman's work. With all this Riciotti dresses with great taste, in the most modern fashion, and I never met in my life a more gentlemanly young man. He speaks French and English just as well as Italian. On his wrist I observed a wound, received in the battle of Mentana, where he commanded a company. And, by the way, he told me that the famous *mot* of the French General De Failly, *nos Chassepots ont fait marveille*, was historically most untrue. The Chassepot rifles were newly put into the hands of the French soldiers who carried them at Mentana, and they did not know how to use them. Riciotti Garibaldi assured me that the Chassepot bullets were fired too high and did very little execution, and that his father's volunteers were borne down by overwhelming numbers at the point of the bayonet. I have no doubt that Riciotti, who is already well known and very popular in England, is destined during this fashionable season to be *feted*, not only by the aristocracy, with the Duke of Sutherland at its head, but by the London Republicans, whose representative man is Mr. Beales.

I hear that his elder brother, Menotti Garibaldi, is about to be married to a young lady aged seventeen, the daughter of a rich French merchant of Leghorn. Riciotti told me that his father's nervous constitution derived benefit from the great excitement and bitter disappointment preliminary to and following Mentana, and that he is now in better health than before. I have, however, other reports less sanguine, and which represent the General as in a very ailing state. I was, of course, not indiscreet enough to ask Riciotti any questions which it might have been improper for him to answer as to his father's projects. But I think it may be taken for granted that Garibaldi will remain quiet for some time. Although a most daring, he is not a rash man. The battle of Mentana, unfortunately as it turned out, was by no means a reckless venture. It was only lost by the treason to Italy of Victor Emmanuel. Garibaldi felt confident that his raw volunteers could beat the Papal troops, and the commencement of the battle proved that his calculation was right. He had been assured that if he by a dash could obtain possession of a corner of Rome, Rattazzi, would send the regular Italian army to maintain his conquest, and he was justified in supposing that once Rome in possession of Italy, the Emperor Napoleon, whose war views converge towards the Rhine, would not find it for his interest to send a sufficient force to Italy to undo the *fait accompli*. But Rattazzi's dismissal and the King's abject submission to France rendered Garibaldi powerless. He is now resigned, though ever watchful, to remain quiet till a favorable opportunity for action occurs. Between the national party in Italy and Louis Napoleon there is undying hatred. Whenever the war between France and Prussia, which sooner or later is considered inevitable, breaks out, Garibaldi will be found in the van of a movement to the cry of Down with the temporal power!

One of the funniest things I have read for some time is a judgment of the Tribunal of Commerce of Algiers in an action brought by the subscribers to the theatre against the manager, a M. Vachot, for not having given them as good entertainments as they were entitled to expect. I shall shortly summarize this humorous judgment, which contains wit, irony, criticism, a study of manners—and, it must be hoped for the sake of the parties, equity as well. Whereas, say the judges, the long and interesting pleadings we have heard, and which are quite on a level with the importance of the subject, show that the grievances of the plaintiffs are reducible to the five following: 1. The want of a prima donna. 2. The want of a duenna and a good heavy mother. 3. No second bass singer. 4. No solo violin; and 5. No efficient coquette. And whereas the municipal administration which represents if not the generality at least the majority of the subscribers, after having instituted an inquiry, came to the conclusion that the manager has done his best, and is entitled, this year, to a bill of indulgence. And whereas the court inclines to think that the municipal council took a sound view of the matter, seeing that no manager of the Algiers theatre ever made a fortune, and many of them have been bankrupts. And whereas if the plaintiffs had been satisfied with the decision of the municipal council, there would have been no occasion for any law-suit. Whereas, nevertheless, since they persist in their complaint, it is necessary for the court to examine their grievances *seriatim*.

As touching the want of a *prima donna*, the court observes that there was one but she was hissed off the stage—justly, no doubt, because those who pay their money to go to a theatre have a right to express their opinion on the performance. At the same time the manager made up for this disappointment, very amply, by securing a far better second singer than could have been hoped-for. Concerning the duenna, it appears from the reports of the municipal council, that the manager made extraordinary efforts to get a lady of suitable age, but without success. It must be borne in mind that actresses avoid these parts as long as they can, and, moreover, that when they get of an age to fill them, they are indisposed to take long journeys. Moreover, the majority of an audience would put up with the want of an old woman on the stage without any great regret. Thirdly—although as a matter of fact, there has been no solo violinist, the manager did engage a very good one, but he was prevented coming by an attack of rheumatism.

There were four violinists in the orchestra, and an ordinary person might suppose that one of them might have done duty as solo. It seems, however, that according to theatrical usages this could not be. But it is only just to remark that an artist, of the kind desired, who without being a Paganini, sets a great value upon himself, is almost as difficult to be got in Algiers as a duenna. And whereas, although strictly speaking, it may be said that the company did not contain a second bass, yet the want of him was very creditably supplied from time to time by different members of the chorus. Lastly nobody but very fastidious connoisseurs could complain that the young actresses were not sufficiently coquettish. Upon the whole, considering that the season is nearly over, that the plaintiffs do not ask to cancel their subscriptions, and that they have received no such damnification as entitles them to any pecuniary compensation, the court thinks that the justice of the case will be met by ordering the defendant to pay costs of suit in lieu of damages.

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Rise to thy proper place in life—
Trample upon all sin,
But still the gentle hand hold out
To help the wanderer in.

So live, in faith and noble deed,
Till earth returns to earth—
So live, that men shall mark the time
Gave such a mortal birth.

## *THE MYSTERY OF EDITING.*

The world at large do not understand the mysteries of a newspaper; and, as in a watch, the hands that are seen are but the passive instruments of the spring, which is never seen; so, in a newspaper, the most worthy causes of its prosperity are often least observed or known. Who suspects the benefit which the paper derives from the enterprise, the vigilance and the watchful fidelity of the publisher? Who pauses to think how much of the pleasure of reading is derived from the skill and care of the printer? We feel the blemishes of printing, if they exist, but seldom observe the excellences.

We eat a hearty dinner, but do not think of the farmer that raised the materials thereof, or the cook that prepared them with infinite pains and skill. But a cook of vegetables, meat, pastries and infinite *bonbons*, has a paradisaical office compared with an editor! Before him pass in review all the exchange newspapers. He is to know all their contents. To mark for other eyes the matters that require attention. His scissors are to be alert, and clip with incessant industry all the little items that together form so large an interest in the news department. He passes in review each week every State in the Union, through the newspaper lens. He looks across the ocean and sees strange lands, and following the sun, he searches all round the world for material. It will require but one second's time for the readers to take in what two hours' search produced. By him are read the manuscripts that swarm the office like flies in July. It is his frown that dooms them. It is his hand that condenses a whole page into a line. It is his sternness that restricts sentimental obituaries, that gives young poets a twig on which to sit and sing their first lays.

And the power behind the throne, in newspapers as in higher places, is sometimes as important as the throne itself. Correspondents, occasional or regular, stand in awe at that silent power which has the last chance at an article, and may send it forth in glory or humility. And in short, as the body depends upon a good digestion, so the health of a paper depends upon that vigorous digestion which goes on by means of the editor.

Ought they not to be honored? And since little fame attends them, they should at least have their creature comforts multiplied. From that dark and dismal den in which they have so long had purgatorial residence, they are at length translated.

H. W. Beecher.

## *KNOWLEDGE.*

I solemnly declare that but for the love of knowledge, I should consider the life of the meanest hedger and ditcher, as preferable to the greatest and richest man, for the fire of our mind is like the fire which the Persians burn in the mountains—it flames night and day, and is immortal, and not to be quenched!

Upon something it *must* act and feed—upon the pure spirit of knowledge, or upon the foul dregs of polluting passions. Therefore, when I say, love knowledge with a great love, with a vehement love, with a love coeval with life; what do I say but love innocence, love virtue, love purity of conduct, love that, which if you are rich and great, will sanctify the blind fortune which has made you so, and make men call it justice; love that which if you are poor, will render your poverty respectable, and make the proudest feel it unjust to laugh at the meanness of your fortunes; love that which will comfort you, adorn you and never quit you; which will open to you the kingdom of thought and all the boundless region of conception, as an asylum against the cruelty, the injustice and the pain that may be your lot in the outer world; that which will make your motives habitually great and honorable, and light up in an instant a thousand noble disdains at the very thought of meanness and fraud.

Therefore, if any young man here has embarked his life in pursuit of knowledge, let him go on without doubting or fearing the event—let him not be intimidated by the cheerless beginnings of knowledge, by the darkness from which she springs, by the difficulties which hover around her, by the wretched habitations in which she dwells, by the want and sorrow which sometimes tourney in her train; but let him ever follow her as the angel that guards him, and as the genius of his life. She will bring him out at last into the light of day, and exhibit him to the world comprehensive in acquirements, fertile in resources, rich in imagination, strong in reasoning, prudent and powerful above his fellows, in all the relations and in all the offices of life. Sidney Smith.

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